

The
ZEPHYRUS



❧ The Zephyrus ❧

given by Ingrid
Lugnet -
10-10-68-



Published by
The Students of the Astoria High School
Astoria, Oregon
1921



To Our Principal
Mr. Virgil D. Earl
This Issue of the Annual is
Sincerely Dedicated

Our Faculty

Miss Sherman
Science, English

Miss Mesmer
Commercial

Miss Taylor
English, Civics

Miss Narvestad
Librarian

Miss Frederickson
Mathematics, English

Mrs. Roderick
Commercial

Mr. O'Brien
Manual Training

Miss McKelvey
Mathematics, Science

Miss Badollet
Dean of Girls, Math.

Miss Ariss
Home Economics

Mr. Kempthorne
Science, Mathematics

Miss Wootton
Mathematics

Miss Von Berg
English, Mathematics

Miss Watkins
Teachers' Training
History

Miss Littler
Science, History

Miss Withycombe
Science, Mathematics

Miss Smith
Physical Education

Miss Henry
French, History

Mr. Sweet
Physical Education

Miss Crout
Home Economics

Miss Baker
Head English Dept.

Miss Bergman
Latin

Miss Schmidli
English

Mrs. Kempthorne
English, Latin



Acknowledgements

Our Staff Advisor

Miss Olga Narvestad, as Faculty Advisor, has piloted the 1921 Zephyrus through many trials to successful publication. Assembling material, reading copy, correcting proofs, counseling, watching, directing, she has inspired the members of the staff to greater and better effort. The editors express the gratitude of the Staff and of the entire High School.

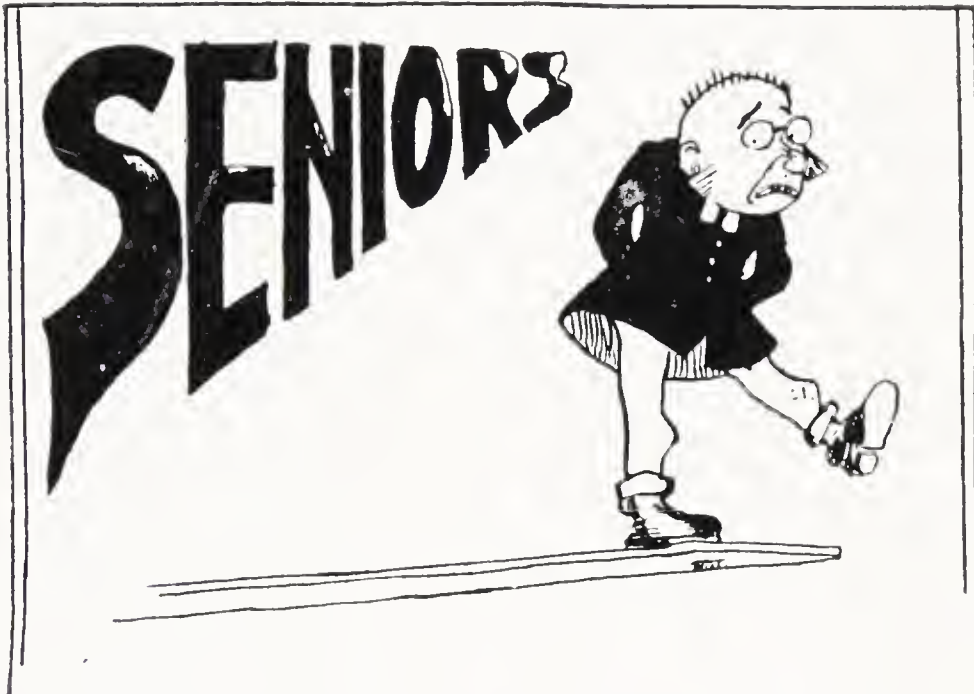
To the business men of Astoria who have given so generously to make possible this issue of the Zephyrus, we give thanks.

We are grateful to the students who helped us by contributing stories, articles, cartoons, and jokes, and especially to the Senior class, which under the leadership of its president, Richard Carruthers, made an organized campaign for material.

Aside from the typing done for the Senior class material, we wish to thank Ruth Slotte, Stella Lahti, and Cladys Bell, for their never failing cheerfulness and good will when the staff thrust upon them reams of material to be typed.

With the withdrawal from school of Robert Bartlett, his work of managing the Zephyrus was taken over by Donald Campbell and Wayne Anderson. Both have given unstintingly of their time and energy and have made the Annual a financial success.

Classes



Officers of the Class of 1921

RICHARD CARRUTHERS	President
WAYNE ANDERSON	Vice-President
MARY JOHNSON	Secretary
HARRY LYON	Treasurer
DONALD CAMPBELL	.				Chairman Finance Committee



Senior Class Appreciation

In all movements undertaken by the Senior class, the officers have been backed and aided in every manner possible by every Senior without exception. Not a committee was appointed but did its work thoroughly and well, and not a member of the class refused to do his duty as a Senior.

Of the various committees, the Finance committee deserves special recognition, for on this committee it is safe to say, the brunt of the work of the class has fallen. The committee has done excellent work handling various class enterprises, such as the book exchange and the order for Commencement announcements. Donald Campbell is chairman of the Finance committee, which besides himself consists of the following members: Augusta Hamilton, Lucy Spittle, Mary Spongberg and Lawrence Ten-Brook.

The special typewriting committee which has done a large volume of work for the class, also deserves praise. All the typing, from manuscript, of the Senior class contributions to the Zephyrus, was done by this committee, which includes the following typists: Stella Lahti, chairman, Madeline Rasmussen, Edith Mason, Edith Jacobson, Mary Ranta, Gladys Bell, and Ruth Slotte.

Also the Business Management of the Class play, "Green Stockings," deserves commendation, since they handled the finances exceptionally well and realized a large profit for the class.

The other committees: the entertainment committee, the special Zephyrus material committees, and many of less importance, all helped in some degree to make the class the success it has been.

Now that the end of the semester is near the officers of the class wish to express their appreciation to the students of the high school, to the members of the Senior class, and to the faculty, for the cooperation, consideration, and interest they have shown in all class affairs.

The class wishes to thank their advisors, Miss Muriel Watkins and Miss Gretchen Taylor; and Mrs. Virgil D. Earl and Miss Portia Baker who coached the class play and aided us in other ways.

R. T. C.



ELEANOR FURNEY

Pedagogy Course
Junior Mix 6
Forum Society
Glee Club
Prom Committee 6

TED ANDERSON

Mathematics Course
Junior Mix 6
Alfredian Society
"Captain of Plymouth"
Glee Club 5-6
Freshman Mix 7

LUCY SPITTLE

Language Course
"Gypsy Rover"
"Green Stockings"
Deba-Dram Society
Freshman Mix 7
Class Finance Committee 7-8

LAWRENCE TENBROOK

Science Course
Alfredian Society
"Captain of Plymouth"
Class Finance Committee 7-8



AUGUSTA HAMILTON

Mathematics Course
 Senior Double Quartet
 "Kleptomaniac"
 Leba-Dram Society
 Chairman Class "Advice to Juniors"

JEFFERSON R. NELSON

History Course
 Entered from McMinnville High
 Junior Class President
 Glee Club 7
 Student Body President 7-8
 "Green Stockings"

BERNICE YSTAD

Pedagogy Course
 Wauregan Society
 Special Class Zephyrus Comm.

HARRY LYON

Science Course
 Associate Editor Zephyrus
 Treasurer Senior Class
 Manager "Green Stockings"
 Senior Double Quartet



HELEN M. HARRISON

Pedagogy Course
Special Class Zephyrus Comm. 8



MAX HURLBUTT

Science Course
"Green Stockings"
"Gypsy Rover"
"Private Secretary"
"Captain of Plymouth"
Basketball 2-4-6-8
Basketball Captain 4
Football 1-3-5
Football Manager 3
Vice-President Student Body 5-6
Glee Club 1-2-3-4-5-6



FLORENCE HOAGLAND

Science-Mathematics Course
Glee Club 2-3-4-5-6-7-8
Girls' Basketball 8
"Captain of Plymouth"
"Gypsy Rover"



FLOYD HULBERT

Science Course
Alfredian Society
Chairman Song Committee 8
"Green Stockings"



ASLAUG HAGERUP

Pedagogy Course
Class Poem Committee 8

RICHARD T. CARRUTHERS

Mathematics Course
Class Secretary 3-4-5-6
President Senior Class 7-8
Vice-President Student Body 7-8
Ass't Manager Zephyrus 5-6
Football Manager 7-8
Basketball Manager 7-8
"Green Stockings"

HILDA CARLSON

Pedagogy Course
Special Class Zephyrus Comm. 8

ARTHUR HILDEBRAND

Mathematics Course
Stage Manager "Green Stockings"
Class Entertainment Comm. 7
Student Body Sergeant-at-Arms



ELLA MACKEY

Pedagogy Course
Special Class Zephyrus Comm. 8



WAYNE A. ANDERSON

Science Course
Class Vice-President 3-4-5-6-7-8
Sophomore Baseball
Junior Mix 6
Junior Prom Committee 7
Student Body Treasurer 7-8
Executive Council 7-8
Athletic Editor Zephyrus 8
Basketball 7-8
"Green Stockings"



ROSELLA WELLINGTON

Pedagogy Course
Glee Club 4-5-6-7-8
Special Class Zephyrus Comm. 8



LORENZO LAGUS

Science Course
Class Basketball Team 7
Class Basketball Comm. 7
Class Baseball Team 6



GRACE HENDRICKSON

Pedagogy Course
 Deba-Dram Society
 Debate 7-8
 "Wild Rose"
 "Captain of Plymouth"
 "Gypsy Rover"
 Freshman Mix 7
 Glee Club 1-2-3-4-5-6

MARY JOHNSON

Pedagogy Course
 Glee Club
 "Wild Rose"
 "Captain of Plymouth"
 "Gypsy Rover"
 "Green Stockings"
 Senior Class Secretary
 Junior Prom
 Deba-Dram Society
 Junior Mix

JEANETTE SMITH

Pedagogy Course
 Glee Club 3-4-5-6
 Chr. Class Will Committee
 "Gypsy Rover"
 "Captain of Plymouth"

MATHILDA ERICKSON

Language Course
 Class Song Committee



KATHERINE HANLEY

Language Course
Senior Class Double Quartet 8
Class History Comm. 8
Deba-Dram Society
"Kleptomaniac"



DONALD CAMPBELL

Mathematics Course
Jnn.or Prom Committee 7
Junior Mix 7
Chairman Senior Class Finance Comm.
Senior Class Double Quartet
Ass't Football Manager 7
Ass't Basketball Manager 8
"Green Stockings"
Manager Zephyrus 8



ESTHER AASE

Pedagogy Course
Class Poem Committee 8
Debate 5-6
Deba-Dram Society



FRANS S. WUOPIO

Mathematics Course
Class Poem Committee 8



ELIDA ARVOLA

Pedagogy Course
 "Green Stockings"
 Deba-Dram Society
 Freshman Mix



ARTHUR A. RINELL

Mathematics Course
 Junior Mix 6
 Freshman Mix 7



HERTHEL PORTS

Mathematics Course
 Class Special Zephyrus Comm.
 "Gypsy Rover 6
 Glee Club 5-6
 Deba-Dram Society
 "Kleptomaniac" 8



FRANK BARTLETT HENRY

Mathematics Course
 Entered from Nogales, Texas, '20
 Class History Comm. 8

**FANNY HARRISON**

Pedagogy Course
Special Class Zephyrus Comm. 8

**HERMAN JOHNSON**

Science and Mathematics Course
Class Basketball Team 8
Special Class Zephyrus Comm. 8
Ass't Stage Manager Senior Play

**FLORA TOIKKA**

Pedagogy Course
Alfredian Society
Class Will Comm. 8

**HARRY SMITH**

Science Course
Debate Team 8
Chr. Special Class Zephyrus Comm. 8



HILDA BRANSTATOR

Pedagogy Course
 "Captain of Plymouth"
 "Gypsy Rover"
 "The Kleptomaniac"
 "Secretary Deba-Dram 8
 Glee Club 2-3-5
 Special Class Zephyrus Comm. 8
 Commencement Flowers Comm. 8

CHARLES POYSKY

Science Course
 Adelpian Society
 Special Class Zephyrus Comm. 8

MARY SPONGBERG

Pedagogy Course
 Class Finance Comm. 8

FRED VOSS

Science Course
 Wauregan Society
 Class Advice to Juniors Comm. 8

**BEATRICE FISH**

Language Course
 Basketball 1-2
 Glee Club President 8
 Junior Prom Committee
 Junior Mix 5-7
 Basketball Captain 7
 Manager Girls' Basketball 7
 "Wild Rose"

**ISAAC W. POUTTU**

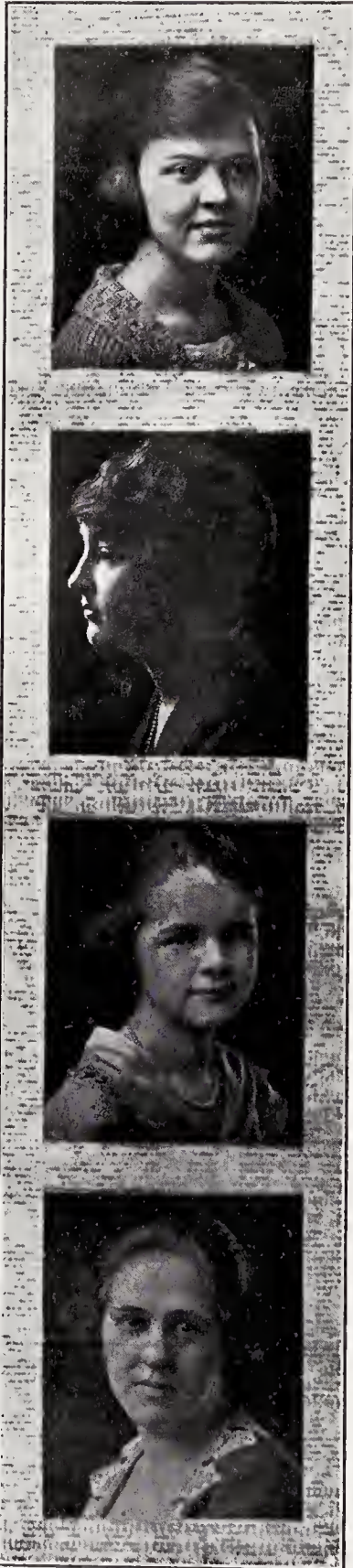
Mathematics Course
 "Captain of Plymouth"
 Basketball Manager 6
 Football 7
 "Green Stockings"

**GLADYS BELL**

Commercial Course
 Adelpian Society
 Special Class Zephyrus Comm. 8
 Class Zephyrus Typing Comm.

**MELVIN DEBBAN**

History Course
 Baseball 4
 Class Basketball 8
 Property Manager Senior Play 8
 Treasurer Adelpian Society 2
 President Adelpian Society
 Senior Double Quartet 8
 Junior Mix 6



MARY RANTA

Commercial Course
Deba-Dram Society
Class Zephyrus Typing Comm. 8

BERENICE DAVIES

Domestic Science Course
Junior Prom Chairman 6
Junior Mix 6
Glee Club
"Green Stockings"
Chairman Class Play Comm. 8

MAI ELINE RASMUSSEN

Commercial Course
Glee Club 1-2
"Wild Rose"
Special Class Zephyrus Comm. 8
Class Zephyrus Typing Comm. 8

EDITH MASON

Commercial Course
Glee Club 1-2-3-4
"Wild Rose"
"Captain of Plymouth"
Class Zephyrus Typing Comm. 8



EDITH JACOBSON

Commercial Course
 Forum Society
 Class Zephyrus Typing Comm. 8
 Class Basketball Team 8



STELLA LAHTI

Commercial Course
 Alfredian Society
 Glee Club
 "Wi'd Rose"
 Basketball 8
 Senior Double Quartet 8



HELVIE SILVER

Pedagogy Course
 Class Basketball Team 8
 Class Poem Committee 8
 Parliamentary Law Advisor to Class 7-8



OLLIE NYMAN

Pedagogy Course
 Glee Club 1-2-3
 "Wild Rose"
 Class History Comm. 8



RUTH SLOTTE

Commercial Course
 Glee Club 1-2-5-6
 Junior Prom Committee
 Deba-Dram Society
 "Wild Rose"
 "Gypsy Rover"
 "Green Stockings"
 Class Zephyrus Typing Comm. 8
 Class Advice to Juniors Comm. 8

HARRY EKOOS

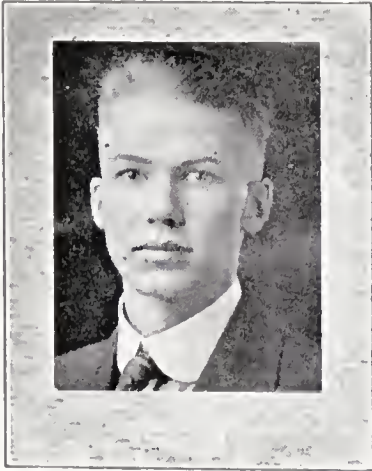
Mathematics Course
 Senior Double Quartet 8
 Football 7
 Special Class Zephyrus Comm. 8
 Class Basketball Team 8

ELEANOR EAKIN

History Course
 "Captain of Plymouth"
 "Gypsy Rover"
 Deba-Dram Society
 Glee Club 2-3-5
 High School Orchestra
 Class Will Committee 8
 Senior Double Quartet
 "Kleptomaniac"

HARRY R. SERLES

Mathematics Course
 Forum Track Team
 Baseball 4-7
 "Gypsy Rover"
 Glee Club 6
 High School Orchestra
 Special Class Zephyrus Comm. 8



HARRY PETERSON

Science Course
Class Prophecy Committee
Class Baseball 4-6

EDWIN NELSON
Commercial Course
Entered from McMinnville '20

Memories

Class Song

I.

'Round us are students of knowledge,
Bidding each other good-by,
Leaving for the joys of a college,
Striving to win honors high.

II.

Farewell to days gone by,
Farewell to all; teachers true,
Looking forward to a bright dawn
We send back sweet thoughts to you.

Chorus:

Memories, memories, dreams that are too true,
On the tides of life
We are drifting away from you.
Playtime days, school time days;
Among the wilds of knowledge
We wandered in a maze
Of countless short days
'Round the halls of A. H. S.

Senior Advice to the Juniors

We, the Seniors of the class of 1921, having had an unusual amount of experience during our high school years, wish to advise our immediate successors, the class of 1922, of some of the pitfalls that are awaiting the feet of the unwary. And we do hereby recommend that the class of '22 be not fools but profit by the experience of their predecessors.

First and paramount, we wish to advise the Juniors when they inherit the magnificent room which has been set aside as the special property of the Seniors, not to let their thoughts dwell on the currents of life as exemplified by the majestic bosom of the Mighty Oregon.

And secondly, we would petition that all of your worthy assemblages be conducted in a manner befitting the title which we have conferred upon you; let there be no mulish-inclined individuals amongst you.

Furthermore, as we have had experience with Miss Watkins' radiator squad, we advise the Juniors to make themselves scarce in the immediate vicinity of the calorie ejector.

Moreover, we do most earnestly beg the Juniors not to thrust their work on the all-obliging Seniors, as they have sufficient brain-trainers of their own.

Also, we consider it our duty to ask our self-appointed wards, the class of '22, to bring a supply of pencils and to abandon the habit of borrowing from others those non-returnable graphites.

To continue, we admonish our proteges not to leave their most serviceable textbooks on the sills of the light conductors or on the four-legged surface in the foreground of the room, as this custom does not meet with the approval of our advisor.

Next we advise that you beware of the "BLACK LIST," which system we will, at the end of our sojourn, tearfully part with, and lovingly bequeath to you with all hopes and prayers that you respect and honor it even as your predecessors have before you.

To go on; smile at the pedagogues even if you despise them; say kind words to them even if you are inclined to swear; bring them the fruits of your labor on time, for it pays to get in "rite" with the instructors.

To pass from the general to the specific: May you always have your notebooks of the King's Language on hand on the day aforesaid by the worthy pedagogues of this establishment so that you may not await with quaking knees and quivering lips—your report cards.

Let no one of you promulgate false facts about your high and mighty class—even if they are true.

Lastly, but not least, we do consider it to be good policy to suggest that the Juniors consult once every day and twice on Sunday Noah Webster's or any masterpiece of other lexicographers.

Given with due consideration and thought this tenth day of June, to the class of 1922!



Senior Prophecy

Through the heavy, flower perfumed air, the weird, pulsing throb of the drums, the whispering thrill of the pipes, and the low chant of lulling voices fell softly on the ears of the old Sultan. But he heard them not for he was sad and his tired eyes gazed far away.

Rousing himself from his stupor, Aashcja Ben Feri, beloved of his people, clapped his hands and said to the slaves who appeared, "Let the music cease, and command attendance of my scryer at once." Then he sank back again onto his cushions until his meditation was broken by the appearance of Tella Alli Li.

"O! Light of the everlasting sunshine, O! Illustrious Guardian of the sacred Luta Fisk, your servant awaits thy word."

"I am old, I am weary," said the great one, thus addressed, "and feeling the shadows of death drawing near me, would know how my old friends of the class of '21 have fared in this world. Rise and gaze into thy crystal ball and tell me of them."

"Oh, Sublime Condemner of Frivolity, to hear is to obey.

"I see but darkness. Now a light breaks through the sphere, and a white mist rises before my eyes. It is gone—and soon I shall see all things, for have I not carefully read the two red covered volumes of psychology written by Richard Carruthers, the successor of James? Within the ball I see a stage of an immensity that appalls even my imagination. Around the stage on all sides a dense throng of people is packed. On the stage, and dwarfed by the hugeness of the structure, stands a piano, and before it sits—who?—none other than Rinell, the great accompanist. Onto the stage comes another man in waddling pomp, and amidst thundering applause bows low. He has commenced to sing. O, Your Majesty, the audience is held in rapture; the theme holds them enrapt. The song is familiar, 'I'm here because I'm here because I'm here because I'm——'. It dies away; the stage and people vanish, but the voice still holds supreme. A second

Caruso—our Caruso—it was Isaac Pouttu, his dreams have come true.

“The scene changes, O Commander of the Thirsty, and before my eyes there stretches a railroad track. Trudging along on it are three forlorn individuals, clad in rags and coated with mud. One of them, the tallest of the trio, carries in his arms a large iron ball which is attached to one of his legs by a chain. On the ball the letters 227 are painted. Yes, it is exactly similar to the one which, like the sword of Damocles even now hangs above your noble head, that eminent dome which reflects the heavens. Why are you two thus afflicted? Why—but it is for me to obey and not to meditate. Ah! the three turn and cast anxious looks down the track. I see their faces; they are Harry Peterson, Frank Henry, and Max Hurlbutt. They stop—but the ball has become cloudy and I see them no more. Again the mist clears. I behold a dingy, poorly lighted room. In one corner sits a woman, careworn and haggard, but bearing the indelible stamp of genius. She is writing with a laborious stroke, born of long years of effort, ‘The Life of Jefferson Nelson.’ Now as she lifts her head, as though looking for an inspiration, I see that the biographer is no other than Helvie Silver. ‘Who is this Jefferson Nelson?’ you ask. Is it possible that your Sultanic majesty has forgotten Jeff, one time president of the High School student body and now a candidate for only fifty years for the presidency of the Kingdom of Utopia, on the Anti-Smoker ticket? Already his face adorns every lamp post in that country, and he will doubtless, in the years to come, reach his goal.

“Once more the scenes in my crystal change, until I see before me a large sign-board bearing the notice, ‘The Greatest Plays of the Season! Eleanor Furney and Fred Voss in ‘Guilty,’ by Flora Toikka and Bernice Ystad.’ According to the notice the stars will be assisted by an excellent cast, including Mathilda Erickson, Florence Hoagland, Edith Mason, Stella Lahti, and Frans Wuopio, and in large letters at the bottom, ‘Directed by Herman Johnson.’

“By another of those transitions so peculiar to this mirror of humanity, I find myself gazing upon the court of the Chinese emperor. Before him dance three brilliant-

ly beautiful terpsichoreans, Eleanor Eakin, Katherine Hanley, and Mary Spongberg, who accompany themselves on the cello, and sing as they dance.

"The gay scene fades, and in its place I see a Ford fleeing up a narrow dirty street, pursued by a howling mob of infuriated coolies. In the Ford are seated four persons whom I instantly recognize as Ted Anderson, Gladys Bell, Hilda Carlson and Lawrence TenBrook, Alaskan missionaries from Africa.

"Now I see the main street of Sydney, Australia, and at the end of it a large magnificent building which bears the sign, 'School of Charm. Edwin Nelson and Harry Lyon Proprietors.' I remember once having read a book by Ella Mackey, entitled, 'Vamping As Taught by Nelson and Lyon.' Among other things the book told that two students of the school, Mary Johnson and Beatrice Fish, became so proficient that they were enabled to land a 'novel and chocolates' job for life. Edith Jacobson, Hethel Ports, Mary Ranta, and Madeline Rasmussen have also, after short courses in the school, met with splendid success.

"But to return to the crystal—I find Russia in my field of vision, and I see before me Hilda Branstator and Charles Poysky, who are—but something obstructs my view; it is a newspaper, the Morning Astorian, opened at the editorial page. Arthur Hildebrand's name appears at the head of the column. The editorial itself is filled with a momentous discussion, in which the editor urges that the city council order the electric company to remove the cross arms from their telephone poles. Further down he threatens to sue the company as he says, 'Several times have these same cross arms caused sundry protuberances to appear on various portions of my cranium.' A news article on another page which comes in view, catches my eye. It is headed, 'Institute Program Announced. Superintendent Melvin Debban secures many prominent speakers.' The list which is given below this includes Aslaug Hagerup, Esther Aase, Jeanette Smith, Elida Arvola, Helen Harrison, Fanny Harrison, and Ollie Nyman, all of whom are prominent educators.

"The paper is drawn away and I see a court room in

Chicago. A venerable, upright judge, Donald Campbell, is on the bench. He is fast asleep, but his snores seem to punctuate rather than hinder the declamations of Attorney Lucy Spittle, who is protesting the innocence of Harry Ekoos, who is accused of remembering something of the art of Jazzing. The prosecuting attorney, Harry Smith, is enjoying a cat nap. The jury, Berenice Davies, Ruth Slotte, Augusta Hamilton, Rosella Wellington, Floyd Hulbert, and Harry Serles, have gone to get a Bromo-Seltzer, and the audience has left to play golf. At last Judge Campbell awakens, as if from a nightmare, and bringing his gavel down on the desk with a bang, he cries, 'Going! Going! Gone!' "

Now let me, the author of this charming bit of history, make a few disclosures. I myself am no other than Pasha Lottabunka, the Sultan's Grand Vizier and Counsellor. The Sultan is—I must tell you for you could never guess—Wayne Anderson. His favorite, astrologer, scryer, and hasher, all rolled into one, is Grace Hendrickson. Of course they have dyed their skins brown and disguised themselves in other ways, so no one in Turkey, myself excepted, would recognize them.

How they came to be elevated to their present high positions, and how the fortunes of the others mentioned in this work came to be as they are, is a matter entirely outside the scope of this narrative, so in the words of the learned judge—I'm going! Going! Gone.

Senior Class Billboard

Name	Alias	Hangout	Record	Partner in Crime	Paroled as	Favorite Remark
Esther Aase	"Essie"	Room 9	45 minutes at Adair	Miss Watkins	Assistant Warden	"Good night!"
Wayne Anderson	"Windy Wayne"	Physical Culture Laboratory	Intermediate Instructor	Y. M. C. A.	Leader of Men (Chain Gang)	"Oh! H—well"
Theodore Anderson	"Ted"	Hammond	3 years in Jail	Sears, Roebuck & Co.	Stool Pigeon	"No, I didn't"
Elida Arvola	"Slim"	Judge Baker's Court	8 years in Taylor Reformatory	Bill Shakespeare	Matron for Helpless Teachers	"Go jump in the lake"
Gladys Bell	"Babe"	Bob's Auto	Girls' Finishing School	Hilda	Conversationalist	"I'm wild about it"
Hilda Branstator	"Hil"	Central Reformatory	Good Behavior	Harriet B. Stowe	Mgr. of Deaf and Dumb Institution	"Sh-h-h"
Donald Campbell	"Don"	Book Exchange	Small Town Slicker	Gus	Town Constable	"Them darn girls"
Hilda Carlson	"Sal Hepatica"	Room 8	Pedagogy Expert	G. B. or R. B.?	Tea Cup Artist	"Anything exciting?"
Richard Carruthers	"Diamond Dick"	Prison Kitchen	Two nights in session	Sweet?	President of Feeble-minded School	"Now 'en"
Berenice Davies	"Neece"	Ariss Donut Factory	A. W. O. L. to California	Author of "How to Play Bridge"	Etiquette Instructor	"Oh! Gosh!"
Melvin Debban	"Peruna Pete"	Seaside	Getting Home Every Morning	John Barleycorn	Juvenile Officer	"See you later"
Eleanor Eakin	"Curly"	Cage 8	Disturbing the public peace	Her Bean	Guard of Little cell- os	"Really——"
Mathilda Erickson	"The Myster Girl"	Changeable	Shady	Her wicked wink	Cosmetic Saleswoman	Unrecorded
Harry Ekoos	"Eck"	The Padded Cell	Sleep Reducer	'Arry 'Owker	Bouncer	"Joll them bones"
Beatrice Fish	"Bee"	Columbia River	One summer at the beach	M. N.	Heart Specialist	"Say, you know——"

Eleanor Furney	"Queen"	The Kingdom of Movie Stars	Two minutes in the footlights	Maude Adams	Leading Lady's Maid	"Oh, Miss Watkins!"
Aslaug Hagerup	"Ace"	Physics Laboratory	Attendance	Harry Ekoos	School ma'am	"Oh! Shucks"
Augusta Hamilton	"Gus"	Watkins Home for Wayward Children	From Altoona	Rufus	Home Economics Teacher	"Sump'n"
Helen Harrison	"Fred's Sister"	Cook's	Laziness	Fanny	A soap-box orator	"I'll see what Fanny says"
Fanny Harrison	"Fan"	Home-nest	Loquacity	Her sister	A shining star	"Well—"
Katherine Hanley	"Peggy"	?	Her bitter weeping	Eleanor Eakin	Instructor in dancing	"When I was at boarding school"
Grace Hendrickson	"Crabs"	Studying Debate in Room 3	Stinginess	Frank Henry	Nurse	"I have not got the money"
Frank Henry	"Arizona"	Fort Stevens	Silence	Harry Smith	A barker	"Tight this way— etc."
Floyd Hulbert	"Silent Sam"	West End P. H.	Stormy poet	Brier, Sheets & Kelly	Musical composer	"Floyd can't"
Arthur Hildebrand	"Ki"	Business College	50 times in speed court	Little Brown Ford	Complexion Specialist	"I second the mo- tion"
Florence Hoagland	"Flo"	Dreamland Rink	Happy go lucky	Helvie Silver	Statesman	"I know it"
Edith Jacobson	"Edey"	The office	Hi-marks	"Shorty" Nelson	Stenog	"Oh! Joybells"
Mary Johnson	"Just Mary"	J. C. Penny's	Conceit	Vernon Bussing	Principal	"You know I—"
Herman Johnson	"Dutch"	Chemistry Lab.	Making CO2 out of H2O	Lawrence Ten- brook	Chemistry Teacher	Silent blushes
Lorenzo Lagus	"Renzo"	Handley's P. H.	Four pinks	"Dutch"	Instructor at Handley's	"Shot the pink ball"
Stella Lahti	"Stell"	Room 17	Talking	Sylvia Alskog	The Official Secretary	"So we told her"
Harry Lyon	"Cour De Mon"	Strange Address	2 years in the Navy	R. K. Bartlett	Bootlegger	"Junno"

Ella Mackey	"Shortie"	Raymond's School	Pay Dreaming	Martha Makela	Raymond's Helper	"?"
Edith Mason	"Edie"	M. E. Church	Her Giggle	Alone	Mayor Harley's Stenog.	"I should say"
Edwin Nelson	"Ted"	Hammond Mill	Deported to Alaska	St. Nicholas	Fish Disector	"A-A--abe-e"
Jefferson Nelson	"Jeff"	Dreamland	Con Man	Diamond Dick	Politician	"Good morning"
Ollie Nyman	"Ole"	Sunday School	Cake eater	Stella Lahti	Speedster	"Who said so?"
Harry Peterson	"Ded-I-Pete"	P. P. & L. Pull-man	Four rides for a nickel	Brake Beams	Fair Collector	"?"
Herthel Ports	"Hert"	Skallerud's Store	Shop Lifting	Baby Brother	Nurse Girl	"30c marked down to 29"
Isaac Pouttu	"Black Jack Ike"	Budget Office	West End Society News	Dick Tennant	Society Editor	"Where can I get a job?"
Charles Poysky	"Premo"	On Columbia River	Two fish on one hook	Mr. Norblad	Fish Doctor	"--But Miss Baker I--"
Mary Ranta	"Mollie"	Street Car	Talking	Cutie	Private Secretary	"Oh, Girlie"
Madeline Rasmussen	"Maddy"	Y. P. S.	Giggling	Mary	Advocate of Suffrage	"My Gosh"
Arthur Rinell	"McGuinty"	Boiler Room	Dirty floor in Room Nine	Mr. Brabau	Prison Janitor	"Say!"
Harry Serles	"Cornet Harry"	Post Office	Singing Tenor	His Cornet	Caruso	"That's the wrong key"
Helvie Silver	"Hatchie Roonie"	Senior Class Meeting	Flirting	Robert's Rules of Order	Editor	"Going to Church tonight?"
Jeanette Smith	"Nettle"	Goble	Omni-present	Parker's History of Education	Figurehead	"For goodness sake!"
Ruth Slotte	"Rufus"	Y. W. C. A.	Accused of gossip	Gus	Society Editor	"Oh, shucks"
Lucy Splttle	"Nibs"	Y. W. C. A.	Silence	Deba-Drams	A Manhater	"H'mmmm"
Mary Spongberg	"Mae"	A Studebaker	Vivacity	Aslaug	A Vampire	"Good-night!"
Lawrence Tenbrook	"Tenny"	Country Dances	Four Straight	Harry Smith	Moonshiner	"Hey you!"

Flora Toikka	"Toik"	Methodist Church	Mischief	B. Y.	Choir Leader	"Gosh, Oh, Hem-locks"
Fred Voss	"Vaudeville Voss"	Jewel Theater	Finding Seats for All	"Red" Bennet	Movie Star	"Two--this way"
Frans Wuopio	"Frans"	Mystery	Chemistry Shark	McGuinty	Captain in the Infantry	"Where's Jan?"
Rosella Wellington	"Tiny"	Rest Room	Toe Dancer	Lorenzo Lagus	Mutt and Jeff	"Don't ask me"
Bernice Ystad	"Bernie"	8th and Grand	Speedy Good Mornings	Flora Toikka	Chastiser	"Oh!"
Max Hurlbutt	"Mike"	Y. M. C. A.	A Bold Bad Man	Don	Farmer	"Nothing Doing"
Harry Smith	"Ansome Arry"	P. O.	At Knappa	Miss Baker	Harding's Attorney	"Honorable Judges--"



Senior Will

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That we, the Senior Class of the Astoria High School, in the county of Clatsop, State of Oregon, being still possessed of sound mind, and acting under no undue form of influence or prejudice, do devise, declare and publish this, our last will and testament, bearing date this tenth day of June, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-one.

To the respective classes of the High School we do bequeath and will as follows:

We bequeath our superior standards to our benighted followers. Although we fully realize it will be hopeless for them to seek to attain the heights we have gained, we hope they will appreciate our example.

We also will to the Juniors our advisor, lockers, and room NINE. We hope that the ones who are fortunate enough to get the seats by the window will enjoy the beautiful tranquility of the Columbia.

To the Sophomores, Juniors-to-be, we will all notebooks, experiment sheets, etc., as a helping hand in their struggles through the coming year.

To the Freshmen we do bequeath books on "Self Government" and hope they will profit thereby.

Our President, Richard Carruthers, wills his splendid executive ability to the next Senior President.

President Nelson leaves his happy "good morning" to Curtis Dyer.

Mary Johnson leaves her vanity case to Linnea Jacobson.

Florence Hoagland leaves her ability to get papers in on time to Florence Tagg.

Grace Hendrickson wills her coiffure to Agnes Miles.

Eleanor Furney wishes to leave her self-assurance to Elsie Onkka.

Isaac Pouttu wills his charming tenor to Burros McClain.

Eleanor Eakin bequeaths her kid curlers to Louise Bartlett.

To Miss Ariss we do bequeath Ollie Nyman as an

official taster, so that she will not have to taste twenty-six different kinds of candy in the same number of minutes.

Flora Toikka and Bernice Ystad leave their giggles to Anna Carlson and Evelyn Taylor.

Arthur Hildebrand leaves his business ability to Mr. Earl.

Berenice Davies wills her quiet dignity to Frances Strange.

Lucy Spittle leaves her knowledge of physiology to Jack Keating.

Herthel Ports and Ella Mackey leave their sedate manner to Lola Skinner and Borghild Edison.

Melvin Debban leaves his little black bag to Miss Baker in which to carry her English papers.

Augusta Hamilton bequeaths her little Freshman, Chris Henry of Altoona, to Elizabeth Taylor.

Gladys Bell and Hilda Carlson leave their chewing gum to anyone who finds it under the seats.

Katherine Hanley leaves her ambition to her little brother John.

Wayne Anderson wills his refereeing talent to Mr. Sweet.

Harry Ekoos, Aslaug Hagerup and Rosella Wellington bequeath their attendance record to Alvin Wherity, Fred Bowers and Frank Wong.

Beatrice Fish leaves her terpsichorean ability to Frances Leinenweber.

Harry Lyon leaves his magnetic personality to Robert Bartlett.

Stella Lahti, Edith Mason, and Edith Jacobson leave their typewriters to be given to inquiring Freshmen.

Edwin Nelson leaves his studious concentration to Eugene Gore.

Ruth Slotte leaves her happy disposition to John Weik.

Harry Serles and Arthur Rinell bequeath their musical jazz band to Miss Von Berg.

Mary Spongberg leaves her spirituelle appearance to Helen Berg.

Herman Johnson leaves his marksmanship to Sydney Carlson.

Hilda Branstator and Esther Aase leave their powers of argument to the next English Seven Class.

Madeline Rasmussen leaves her choleric temperament to Algot Westergren.

Max Hurlbutt leaves his basket ball ability to Byron Wallace.

Elida Arvola leaves her superiority to Fanny Gustafson.

Frans Wuopio and Harry Peterson leave their voluminous notebooks to Dick Tennant and Fred Harrison.

Mathilda Erickson wills her oral English recitations to Peggy Nelson.

The Harrison Sisters leave their hair tonic to Sylvia Alskog and Ryzpah Wright.

Ted Anderson bequeaths his ability as a "fusser" to Paul Schmidt and Russell Oliver.

Helvie Silver gives up her position as Poet Laureate of the Astoria High School to Ruby Gullickson.

Frank Henry bequeaths his omnipresent sweater to Kasten Fellman.

Charles Poysky and Floyd Hulbert leave their physics notes to the Sophomore Class.

Harry Smith wills his splendid class cooperation to Eben Carruthers.

Mary Ranta leaves her extreme loquacity to Ralph Wertheimer. (We expect a marked improvement in that quarter).

Donald Campbell wills his treatise on "Freedom of the Will" to Bessie Siddall.

Jeanette Smith leaves one of her two persistent suitors to her little sister Helen Smith.

Fred Voss and Lorenzo Lagus leave two feet each to Walter Johnson.

As executor of this, our last will and testament, we appoint Superintendent A. C. Strange.

Onward

Class Poem

We're building our ships from day to day,
Our journey will soon begin.
We hear not the roar of the tempest blown waves,
We hear not the mighty storm king as he raves,
We long but to enter in—
We want to be on our way.

They tell us our ships must be strong to sail
Life's fierce, tempestuous sea.
"Your ships will not land you in safety to shore,
For many a ship has been wrecked before,
If faulty its timbers be."
We'll build them to weather the gale!

The day will soon come when at early dawn,
The journey through life will begin.
The current is swift and the waves are high;
'Tis easy to drift, but "Onward!" we cry;
We've started the journey with object to win—
Cheer us and urge us on.

H. SILVER.

Revolt of the Innocent

Outside the sun shone dreamily. The songbirds had not yet returned and all was quiet, both without and within the schoolroom.

Suddenly a loud stamping was heard on the stairs. A lilting voice singing the latest "Jazz" accompanied the music of those extremities. Was I dreaming? Certainly not, for my book lay open before me and equations and formulas stared me in the face. But who would dare break the quietness of that particular study period?

Through the door burst Fanny Harrison with the last of the song still trembling on her lips. She waltzed up to her seat, humming in an undertone. The teacher in charge glared. She was too astonished to speak for some time. When she recovered, a voice from the back of the room where Frans Wuopio sat, rang out, "Hey, teacher, this kid is throwing paper wads at me."

Exasperated, "teacher" told the culprit to come before her. Much to my surprise Ollie Nyman went to the desk. After much slangy phrasing and arguing she decided to be better.

She had scarcely resumed her place when in stormed Frank Henry. With loud declaims and exclamations he said, "If they don't stop making me work I'm going to quit school. I'm getting tired of being bawled out all the time, anyhow."

Mercy! What was the meaning of all this? Then when Jefferson Nelson began raving and tearing his hair it was too much. What had become of all those quiet, studious people who held the honor of the place? I gave up in despair as Lucy punched me in the back and told me it was lunch time and she guessed I was hungry by the moaning and groaning that had been going on.

Moral—Never eat mince pie either before retiring or before breakfast.

HERTHEL PORTS.



JUNIORS

Juniors

Class Officers.

President	Curtis Dyer
Vice-President.....	Ralph Wertheimer
Secretary	Maurine Buchanan
Treasurer	Sedoris Jordan

The class of 1922, the finest that ever was, greets you! What a peppy class we are! (Being Juniors we have not yet acquired the sober dignity of Seniors).

You should have been at our class party on December seventeenth. It was in the gymnasium, and we certainly had a good time. There were games that everyone could play, and ice cream and cake to make it a real party.

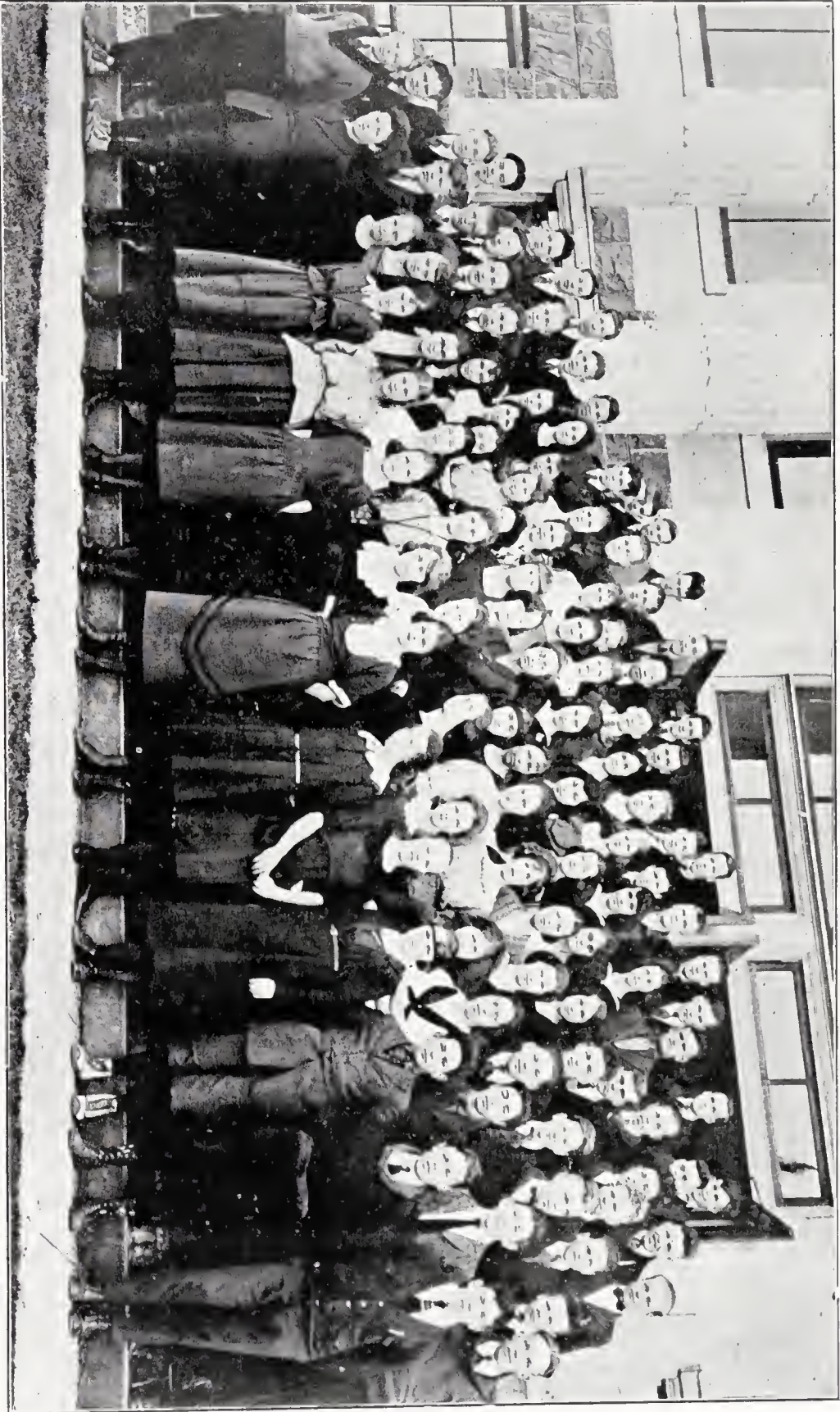
On February twenty-fifth, Mr. John F. Mason, impersonator and humorist, gave a most enjoyable program in the auditorium under the auspices of the Junior class. This entertainment was given in the place of the regular Junior Mix, because, of course, we wanted to do something different.

The Junior Prom will be held on May the sixth at the Elks' Hall. It promises to be one of the most enjoyable of Proms. The members of the general committee for the affair are: Hazel Jacobson, Lillian Frederickson, and Robert Bartlett.

We unanimously give the credit for whatever we have accomplished to Miss Baker and Miss Taylor, whose invaluable advice and untiring work have contributed largely to our success.

So, leaving a good record behind us, we are ready to take over our place as august Seniors.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR, '22.



SOPHOMORES—JUST OUT OF ROMPERS

Sophomore Class Notes

To praise your class, in Hi School
Is really not polite,
But the exception proves the rule
So in this case 'tis all right.
The team depends upon our class
We're true right to the core;
In all our studies we will pass;
Three cheers for the Sophomores!

The Sophomore class has had a very eventful year, being well represented in all social and athletic activities.

The Sophomore and Freshman party, introducing the new students, was a success from every standpoint, and insured our reputation as entertainers.

As a class we are proud of our athletic representation. After winning the victory from the Seniors and Freshmen, the girls feel confident that the Juniors are doomed likewise. Five of the boys who received football letters were Sophomores, and having a number of efficient players on the basketball team, we feel that we have done our bit.

J. K. '23.



THE SHIVELY INFANTS



BABES IN THE WOOD

Freshman Notes

In the early part of the school year, the upper classmen entertained the Freshmen with a "Freshman Mix," which has been an annual event for two or three years. A program consisting of several skits was given by them, after which we all enjoyed dancing in the gymnasium.

A reception was held for the mid-term Freshmen in January. After indulging in doughnuts and punch, prepared in the Domestic Science rooms, the Freshmen were taken to the gymnasium where a basket ball game between the Juniors and Seniors was played for their entertainment. The new students were much enthused by their treatment and all were very anxious to begin high school.

Another event was the Freshman and Sophomore party held in the gymnasium on February twenty-sixth. Games were played and refreshments served during the evening. Everybody went home happy, which is saying a great deal for the committee in charge of the entertainment.

L. B. '24.

Could We Survive If—

Wilfred Bates wore short trousers.

Maud Mahan forgot to curl her hair.

Frances Leinenweber and Alvin Wherity ceased quarreling.

Louise Bartlett wore real half-hose.

Frances Strange didn't put "jazz" into "America" on the piano.

Sedoris Jordan didn't take an interest in the Junior class.

Fred Voss became the next yell leader.

All the students showed an excess of enthusiasm and co-operation.

All the Juniors should attend all the Junior meetings.

Someone weren't always chasing around for Dick.

Harry Ekoos attended school regularly.

Miss Watkins should cease to like the boys.

Lila Warren forgot just one rule.

Helen Berg should grow thin.

Ryzpah's hair turned dark.

Frank Henry ceased to smile.

Gladys Bell forgot her Wrigley's.

The Junior girls should cease to parade up and down the halls.

Miss Baker lost her vocabulary.

The teachers could read Ralph Wertheimer's writing.

Mel Debban did not study.

We didn't have the book exchange room in which to settle our trials and tribulations.

Jeff's cheery "Good morning" were missing.

Wayne didn't spring that new one.

Berenice D. wasn't peacemaker of our quarrels.

Arthur Rinell wouldn't help us when the janitor is missing.

Isaac didn't start something.

Bob Bartlett came to school with his fingernails un-manicured.

Student Life



Student Body Officers

JEFFERSON NELSON
President

MAURINE BUCHANAN
Secretary

WAYNE ANDERSON
Treasurer

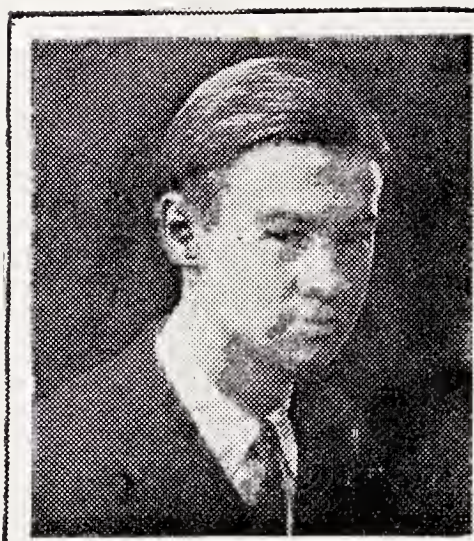
RICHARD CARRUTHERS
Vice-President

Student Council

JEFFERSON NELSON
RICHARD CARRUTHERS
BEATRICE FISH, At Large

MAURINE BUCHANAN
WAYNE ANDERSON
HARRY LYON, At Large

CURTIS DYER, Editor Zephyrus



CURTIS DYER, Editor

ROBERT BARTLETT, Manager

HARRY LYON

CURTIS DYER

ROBERT BARTLETT

WAYNE ANDERSON

MAURINE BUCHANAN

BERENICE DAVIES

Departments

ATHLETICS	Wayne Anderson, Dick Tennant
LITERARY	Maurine Buchanan
CLASSES	Berenice Davies
JOKES	Harry Lyon
SCHOOL NOTES	Elizabeth Taylor
TYPISTS	Ruth Slotte, Stella Lahti, Gladys Bell



SCHOOL NOTES

Assemblies.

The assemblies this year have been unusually interesting and profitable. We always look forward to our weekly Friday morning sings with pleasurable anticipation. Miss Hamack led the singing during the fall term, but with the coming of the spring term she was unable to do so any longer, and Miss Von Berg took her place. When Miss Von Berg was absent on account of illness, we had no assemblies for two dismal weeks, and then Mr. Filer came to lead us. We hope that he will continue with us because we like him very much.

Of special assemblies there have been many. Mrs. Ellis from Portland spoke to the student body early in the fall on the necessity of efficiency to success. During Fire Prevention Week there was a special assembly at which Fire Chief Foster told us how to avoid fires, and Elizabeth Taylor and Harry Smith also appealed to the students to prevent them. Just before the Christmas holidays we held a homecoming assembly at which many A. H. S. alumni now attending college, spoke to us. Dr. Barker spoke to us on the fundamentals of success which he said were a strong arm, a brave heart, and a good conscience. On Washington's Birthday Mr. Gray told us about the life of Washington. Dr. Fixott urged upon us the necessity to success in life of well cared for teeth. Dr. Wirt, representing the Near East Relief, gave us a very graphic account of the conditions in Armenia, and made an appeal for a generous response to the call for Armenian relief.

Junior Entertainment.

On February twenty-fifth the Juniors presented John Frederick Mason, impersonator and humorist, for the purpose of raising funds for the Junior Prom. A good sized

crowd filled the auditorium and thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Mason's programme. He gave some selections from Kipling, an impersonation of an egotistical English dandy, impersonations of children, and many other amusing numbers. Margaret Wilson gave a violin solo, the glee club sang "Love's Old Sweet Song," and Paul Schmidt rendered a selection on the piano.

English Seven Debates.

During the fall term the two English Seven classes held a very interesting debating match. Each class was divided into seven teams which had opponents in the other class. The debates were held after school and grew quite exciting. Mrs. Kempthorne's class won four out of the seven debates, but Miss Baker's class did not feel badly worsted. We are sorry that there is only one English Seven class this term because we should like to see another contest.

Deba-Dram Literary Society.

The Deba-Dram society, a debating and dramatic society of girls, was formed in October. The members meet every Monday after school and have a short programme, inviting others only to their open meetings which are held every six weeks. The club presented the comic play, "The Kleptomaniac," early in the spring term, making quite a success of it, and intends to give another dramatic performance before the year is over.

Although the club began with a modest membership of eleven, there are now nineteen, the membership being limited to twenty. Proposed members must have all passing grades and at least one honor grade in their studies.

Miss Baker and Miss Taylor, the club sponsors and leaders, are to be given much credit and many hearty thanks for the vast amount of work and time they have given to the club. To their interest in the club is due—to a large extent—its success.

School Papers.

During the last part of the fall term and the first part of the spring term, the higher English classes issued weekly school papers which were typewritten and posted on

the school bulletin boards. We never thought that there was so much news around the school until we began to see it gathered together. The papers were very interesting, and we want to see more of them.

School Song.

"The Purple and the Gold," our new school song, is certainly a popular one at our Friday morning singing assemblies. The tune is "The Orange and the Black," and Mr. Strange truly won a warm place in our hearts when he gave the words to us.

The Stage Scenery.

The new stage scenery which has added materially to our auditorium, was purchased jointly by the student body and school board. The student body paid one-half of their share of the cost this year and will pay off the rest next year. The scenery is fully appreciated by the students, and we hope that there will be more dramatic activities in the school now that we have the proper facilities.

New Lockers.

Santa Claus left a good sized package for the student body when he left some four hundred lockers at the school during the Christmas vacation. There is an idea abroad that the school board put the notion into his head. We thank the school board heartily for their suggestions, because the new lockers have done away with our former cloak room confusion at noon and after school.

Lincoln's Birthday.

On February eleventh the student body spent a very enjoyable afternoon at the Central School, where they saw two episodes of "The Son of Democracy," a very fine picture of Abraham Lincoln's life.

The Freshman Mix.

The "Freshman Mix," given in the gymnasium in the fall, in honor of the incoming freshmen, was a real success. It was given by the Student Body and members of all classes participated in the entertainment. A stunt programme, given in the assembly hall, occupied the first part of the evening, and was greatly enjoyed. Afterward,

punch and cake were served in the main hall and there was dancing in the gymnasium.

The Junior Class Parties.

The Junior class has had two parties this year. The first one was held in the "Gym" on December eighteenth. During the first part of the evening, games were played in which everyone joined. A short stunt programme was given, which was greatly enjoyed by the audience. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served and the rest of the evening was spent in dancing.

The second party was given on April first in the form of a "kid party." Games occupied the first part of the evening and the rest of the evening was spent in dancing. Punch and wafers were served as refreshments. The Juniors maintain that this is the most successful party ever held in the "Gym."





Guess again -
It's Rispa.



This is a special
pose



We hated to waste
the space -



He gave us \$1.45
to have this put
in.



She typewrites



This is
Bernice

Miss Taylor is
having a hard
time explaining



↑
We wish to call
special
attention to
this picture
↑



There was no funeral, -
he was left to the squirrels.

Literary

The Lost Republic

Friends, countrymen, citizens, gather ye around and hearken well, for this day, this hour, I come as an Anthony to preach the oration of a people, a nation, unseen and unheard this half century.

Tragedy is my text, romance my life, and fate my death. With this I die.

Two score years ago, at Astoria, Oregon, is the base of this epoch-making tragedy. It was in the spring of 1921. I attended the Astoria High School and was known as a promising and conscientious young student of the class of '22. It had been an unusually wet fall and winter, so, with the ushering in of tuneful spring weather, the class members took it upon themselves to stage a little picnic frolic at a small town named Flavel—yes, Flavel, that was the place.

We hired a launch, the Teddy Roosevelt, for the occasion and at the time appointed cast off the dock and swung out into the current of the Columbia river. Joy was ours, complete, it seemed. But no, we had scarcely proceeded down the river for three miles, when the boat developed engine trouble. The captain and his crew of one hand, namely, Hans Jensen, worked feverishly for an hour to put the motor into running order, all to no avail. A strong ebb tide carried us swiftly towards the now visible, breaking bar. We signalled and yelled ourselves hoarse, but on and on our merry craft gurgled.

My time is short, friends, your patience tried—I must hurry.

We crossed the bar that day, I know not how, and drifted out onto the wide, blue bosom of the Pacific. The merry picnickers were a sad lot. Girls sat weeping and boys moped about with elongated faces. Still hope of

rescue was not given up. Days lapsed into weeks, but the boat drifted on and on. The launch carried no compass, so knowledge of position was impossible. We did know, however, that we were somewhere south of the north star and north of the equator, thanks to certain members of our little band who had been thoughtful enough to take a Science Course. Among these, Alton Miller was the foremost. Always willing and ready to give advice and never to receive, he would sit by the hour on the anchor chain, after our supper of jelly-fish stew had been finished, and study the heavenly bodies. Whether he was really seeking for astronomical knowledge or merely praying to the cheesy old moon, no one will ever know.

After being out for a few days, we saw the necessity of food conservation. The only visible solution for this condition was thru the creation of a commissariat. Accordingly, President Dyer called a meeting to order on the quarter deck and proceeded to the ensuing business. As a result Dorothy Cole and Karla Sorensen were selected to control this department. It eventually developed conspiracy and loud remonstrances, for when the greater became the lesser and the lesser became the greater, a charge was made against the commissaries of "food monopoly on the high seas." A special meeting was called at which the accused were denounced and impeached by an overwhelming majority. A motion was made and carried that the criminals be punished for their misdemeanor by "being deprived of jelly-fish rolls and mackerel liver for the whole of three days."

As time drifted on and we drifted south the food question became acute. The boat had had very few supplies on board so we were forced to develop ingenuity in order to safeguard existence. The second Sunday out we had stuffed turtle eggs for dinner. Henry Carlson had managed to lasso a mammoth sea turtle and in it we found a goodly supply of eggs. The girls made mayonnaise with the raw eggs, and Zerolene found in the engine room. Some even insisted that it excelled ye dago olive oil. Our main delicacy was jelly-fish rolls. Although the girls had no yeast for bread-making purposes, they found that the motion of the sea would raise it. We always had a large supply of fish on board. The lure was the prettiest

ankle in the crowd, Paul Schmidt's, which would be suspended from over the stern of the boat. This beat any fishing friend Walton ever dreamed of. Why man alive, when that shapely Grecian limb made its appearance over the dancing blue waters all the fish between Tillamook Rock and Borneo made a dash for it. Many of them came so fast that they scaled on deck, where the boys fell upon them with pen knives and toothpicks.

It was during a beautiful moonlight evening in early July that land was first sighted. The entire company was lounging about on the hurricane deck, enjoying the soft, warm weather of a southern evening. The tropic moon cast its sylvan rays across the long, even swells of the blue Pacific. Phosphorescence played and frolicked with tiny moonbeams, first on the crest, then down deep in the trough. The little boat drifted and dreamed off into the fairy night.

We had been singing popular hits all evening, in perfect contrast to our environment, when Schwegler casually announced the presence of a long jagged line in the distance. As the rest could not discern anything, the idea was dispelled as a hopeless jest.

When morning came we were all awakened by the lusty shouts of Albert Tucker who had arisen to milk our captured sea cow. Rushing on deck we found to our utter amazement and joy—land!—the first we had seen since leaving dear old Oregon.

It was a typical South Sea Island of seemingly large proportions. A white, smooth beach stretched along its entire length. Because of the dense, tropical undergrowth of the jungle, we expected an immediate attack by vicious cannibals. Finally about noon, when our fear had worn off, a skiff was launched. James Davies was put in charge of the boat with several assistants armed with macaroni sticks and swordfish swords. After a short reconnoiter on land it was decided to take off the remaining girls and boys.

I could talk for hours on the founding of the colony on this and two other small islands near us, but my time on earth is brief and so must my story be.

We took possession of the land with an oath to observe and transplant into that uninhabited island the liberties and government of our native country.

Then came the sufferings and hardships of colonization which I will not relate. A national assembly, presided over by the people's choice, was established. Ralph Wertheimer, a diminutive youngster of rare mental and oratorical ability, was the first elected to this office. Another association was formed of the three islands, Wrigley, Hoolaboo, and Uneeda Biscuit. Also a standing army of ten men was formed to prevent a possible invasion and to guard against an influx of undesirables, such as apes and baboons. Col. Fred Foster was put in command of this efficient military machine and from that date on it figured in the martial achievements of the little Republic.

In the campaign for presidency in 1930 Curtis Dyer represented the choice of the Republicans. The reason for this was that at a convention of the Democrats at Bryan again they had split in two contending factions, one called the W. J.'s, whose platform was "Dry or Die," and the other, the Bootlegger's National Wet Way party, whose campaign slogan was "Gin and no Ale." Paul Sexton, born in the wilds of Montana, was chosen party candidate of that disreputable Wet Way faction. This was certainly the most disgraceful organization that ever cast shadow on the moral status of the little Republic.

When Mr. Dyer took the chair he met the difficult problem of pleasing both parties. This was a tremendous task for up until the time we left the states in 1921 the combined efforts of 120,000,000 people had failed to solve the question. The cry was, "Oh, for an hour of William Jennings." Despite Mr. Dyer's attempt, the feelings continually rose higher. At last it became the open question, "Shall there be a national distillery and reduced tariff or more still and a high tariff?"

One innocent moonlit June night plots for the overthrow of a nation were hatched. As the mutterings of bolshevism wafted down on the warm summer breeze they blighted the pure, sweet leaves of the jungle wood. The odor of the "white mule" nauseated the cocoanuts

and even curdled their milk.

As the sun arose the attack began. A drunken, blood-craving mob swarmed and cursed at the very capitol doors. The beautiful palm-thatched buildings were burnt to the ground—the president's house, everything! Uncle Joe Busch, the gardener, was strung up to the tallest palmetto tree by the end of his wooden leg. Whiskey and extract bottles hurtled thru the air. But, stop! What was that low rumbling noise that made the very earth totter and become seasick? The people were speechless with fear. Then, all of a sudden great chasms opened in the earth. Men and women fell into them shrieking with despair. I took in the situation slowly, but unaccountably ran for the capitol flag pole. When I climbed out on top of the dome I beheld a sight that sent my hair "à la petit pompadoure." The ocean closed in on us. It was true, we were sinking. I was hurled into that maelstrom.

For days I floated over and in the graveyard of the Lost Republic—I, the only living one. A kindly wave washed me up on a beach. I lay there a long time and wept. Who wouldn't, dear audience? Friends, fortunes, nearly life—all gone! I did live, though, as you see and long enough to fulfill my great desire to tell the world of my knowledge of a lost people—The Lost Republic.

WM. RICHARDSON.

A Busted Romance

Every morning during the summer vacation as Bobby walked to the factory where he worked, he met an extremely pretty girl going in the opposite direction. Bobby was still in his teens and rather irresponsible, especially in his associations with girls. After meeting this pretty and bewitching damsel several times and considering himself quite handsome besides, Bobby decided to try and make her acquaintance.

Accordingly the next morning, when he met her, he smiled pleasantly, lifted his hat most gracefully, and said, "Good morning," in the sweetest tone that he could manufacture. The fair maid passed him by without the slightest turn of her pretty head in recognition. That same air of adorable abstraction which she always wore when she met Bobby, did not change for a second.

"Confound her," thought Bobby, "thinks she's too good for me, does she? Well, I'll get her yet."

The next morning was a holiday for Bobby, and having nothing to do, he decided to go downtown and take in a movie. Boarding a street car which was rather crowded, he saw the girl who was uppermost in his heart sitting all alone in one of the rear seats. "Here's my chance," thought he; so after paying his fare he sauntered up the aisle and seated himself beside her. He turned and stole a glance at her, to find her eyes appraising him. Bobby instantly beamed all over with recognition. The girl smiled faintly in return, then attracted by something outside turned her eyes to the window. Thus encouraged, Bobby introduced himself, and after telling her a little about himself, politely asked her name. She did not seem to hear him so Bobby tried again. He talked to her about the movies, schools, and even the weather, but no, the girl said nothing. "Aw shucks, she's bashful," thought the rejected hero.

At Twenty-third and Main, the girl left the car with Bobby at her heels. He was determined to find out where she was going, if nothing else. The girl crossed the street

and walked up a broad driveway to a red brick building, which she entered. Above the entrance, chiseled in stone, were the words, "Hawkin's School for the Deaf and Dumb."

"Oh," mused the disappointed Bobby, as he hurried down the street to his movie, "there's one born every minute."
H. H.

The Washerwoman

The washerwoman stands all day at the tub,
And washes the clothes with a steady rub,
She splashes the suds all over the floor,
And sweeps them out thru the open door.

She works all day from rise of sun,
And yet the washing is never done,
Because as soon as she gets thru
Somebody else has washing to do.

When evening comes, (as it always must)
She sits down, with a sigh of disgust,
And wonders if it can be right
That a body should feel so tired at night.

After she eats her evening meal,
And twilight shadows begin to steal,
Upstairs to bed she will slowly creep
And dreading the morning, go to sleep.

D. C. '21

Private Bolt---Half Stewed

Yes, it is true. The army is the place for peculiar happenings.

This is impressed upon a soldier from the time he holds up his right hand until they blow taps over his remains.

A rookie first becomes impressed with this fact when he is ordered, in all good faith, to go to the Ordnance office and draw three yards of skirmish line, a roll of red tape and a pair of summer spurs. And he is last depressed with it when he is placed in a long box upon a caisson and wrapped in the flag which he has gold bricked for all his life, for behind him comes his old horse, robed in black, saddled and bearing a pair of empty boots with the toes pointed to the rear. A soldier's God is chance, and his friend is whiskey.

Many a soldier can look back to the day when he tossed his last nickel to decide whether he should count ties for the rest of his life, or do squads east to the tune of one, two, three, four, and the nickel turned over the wrong way every time, so he "joined up."

In spite of evidence to the contrary, a buck private probably enjoys more leisure and freedom than any other man in America, and surely more than any other man in the army.

Private Bolt seemed to realize this, for he saw to it that he had no chance for promotion. He was carefree. He was cheerful, and he was usually at least half drunk, though he seldom indulged enough to lose his boisterous and profane cheerfulness. He liked to fight, hence he joined the army. He hated top sergeants, so he wanted to get out again.

Now it happened that Bolt's outfit went to France, and since Captain Smith had no opportunity to get rid of him, Bolt went along.

In the course of time (which time Bolt spent the most of in the mill) they were ready to go up on the line, and

then Captain Smith received orders to transfer some man from his outfit to a noncombatant regiment, stationed at Cambellowne.

Captain Smith had never heard of Cambellowne, and neither had anyone else in Company J, but by inquiring of the natives he learned that it was somewhere toward the south, probably very far, and since Bolt was the only black spot in the company, he was sent. He rolled his blankets, received his coffee money and started south.

If the French trains run according to any schedule, no American ever seems to find it out. When they see a train (troop, cattle, freight or otherwise) going in approximately the direction they think they want to go, they jump aboard.

A week went by, life became monotonous for Captain Smith and the rest of the outfit. They began to realize how diversion had been offered by the eccentricities of Private Bolt. The Captain actually admitted that he wished he had not transferred Bolt.

In the meantime, Bolt had arrived in Cambellowne, had heartily disapproved of his regiment, and since he had ten days in which to make the trip, he had never reported to his new commander. Instead, he was enjoying prolonged excursions over France and wishing he was back with his old crowd again.

Bolt was sore at the world, he had lost his chance to get into the biggest fight, so he started a great many battles on his own accord, resulting in several broken jaws on various Frenchmen.

While in his old company, the morale was breaking. The men missed him and now that he was gone, they could see only his good points, and realized that they had depended upon him to start everything.

One evening Captain Smith received some orders from General Headquarters. He had expected them for a long time, and hoped that they would come soon, but now he did not feel just right about it all. "If Bolt were only back again to smile and swear good-naturedly about it."

When the news was passed around among the men they too felt the need of Bolt's confident, careless air.

The next evening they boarded a train and started "up."

All the while their spirits sank lower. If only some one could have laughed, or told a good joke, or sworn at the Kaiser a little, everything would have been all right, but it was a peculiar outfit, and Bolt had always been the leader in such things, although they hadn't realized it before, and now everybody waited on the other fellow.

They could hear the guns up on the front and at each boom their feet seemed to get heavier and their hearts to sink lower.

It was then that something peculiar happened. Number four in the rear rank of the third squad had been a blank file, but now it ceased to be a blank file. A soldier held that position. It was the position Bolt had held all through their days of training. This soldier looked like any of the rest of them in the darkness. None had seen him come, yet there he was.

A large shell exploded in the field beside them. It was the first close one and everybody shivered. Yet from that No. 4, R. Sq. 3, there came a long, eloquent and highly appropriate line of swearing in the unmistakable tones of Private Bolt, half stewed.

The Company heard and smiled. Captain Smith heard and smiled. Then everybody laughed.

They had started out like a funeral, but now, suddenly, it had changed. They were going on a glorious picnic. They were going up to kill a crowd of Germans, and Bolt was there to help them, and to add to the tale of their good fortune, his canteen was filled with cognac.

FRANK HENRY.

Nishki Ruski

Shatska—this was the name on his ticket—what would he do in that place? He knew he would be restricted in his every move by the officers of the local Soviet who dominated the place. Well, what had he done in all the other towns encountered in his wanderings? Why had he ever started for Central Russia in the first place when, traveling leisurely thru France, Belgium or Germany, he could find needed rest after those hard years in the trenches? A whim, he guessed.

With these thoughts mingling fast with dreams, he went off to sleep huddled up in a corner of the compartment, with his luggage piled around. He was soon fighting bears and great whiskered Bolsheviki, while the train continued its jogging way to Shatska.

He awoke with a start. The train had stopped and his fellow passengers were stepping off onto the platform. After gathering up his few belongings he did likewise. A great crowd of people were gathered there with a band, and banners on which was the equivalent of "Welcome, comrade." A few of the people looked toward him and immediately started to cheer and, rushing towards him, began to shake his hand, saying in Russian, "Welcome back, comrade." Packard answered and thanked them in his meagre Russian, feeling like one in a dream.

He was hustled into a car, and followed by a throng of people, traveled slowly through the cobblestone streets. He instinctively was doffing his hat in acknowledgment of the people's acclamation.

They came to an imposing looking house, the walk leading up to it lined with smiling people, and into this he was ushered. When the smoke had cleared away, as it were, and the people were gone, some important individual who had remained, came over to him and began to discuss the delegation to Lenine—whatever that was! However, our friend knew enough to realize that he was over his head; he told them he was indisposed and would like to go to his room. They left with much bowing, to come back in the afternoon, they said.

He followed a servant to his room. Packard asked what had been going on. The servant satisfied his wish completely, for, in telling what had transpired, he quite unconsciously made Packard acquainted with his surroundings and the general situation. He disclosed the truly wonderful piece of information that he (Packard) was Nishki Roski, head Soviet Commissariat in Shatska.

While he was eating his rolls and drinking tea, a man came to the door begging admittance to see him—it was urgent. No, he had not finished eating, but—yes—he would see him anyway. A little wizened-up man, clad in an old rag of a coat and a big muffler, was ushered in. 'This queer little man proceeded to warn him of a plot to kill him—not by a few misguided bomb-throwers, but by an organized band. It would be impossible to check it, for the murder was set for eight o'clock that evening. The only thing was to flee. To be sure—that's what he would do!

He shaved his beard off, changed his clothes, selecting with care his hat, one of a slouch effect. He packed his things in a different suitcase and with a few orders to his man, left for the depot and outgoing train. He would go while the going was good!

He purchased his ticket and was not recognized; he was sure he wouldn't be. As he was hustling into his compartment, by some play of fate he looked to his left, and coming out of the next door was—his double, or at least his double of a half hour ago. He was returning home to receive HIS welcome—poor devil!

C. D. '22

Nothing in Particular

On being asked to contribute an article to the Zephyrus, and upon being told to write about anything or nothing just as I chose, I have chosen the latter thing, if it is a thing, as the subject of my theme. "Nothing" is composed of many material things, such as carbon dioxide, ether, (but I think that I'd better leave that to the physics teacher, as he knows more about nothing than I ever expect to know, for at least my head isn't absolutely devoid of everything). "Nothing" is "something," so we are told, and also "something," in no specified terms, is the equivalent to "nothing," and so by using deduction we come to the conclusion that "nothing" is "something," and that "something" is "nothing"; therefore when a person tells you that you have at least "something" in your dome, you will know that he is only kidding, as he means to say in a tactful way that you are brainless. But on the other hand if a muck-a-muck states that you are a brainless cipher you will know that he is only kidding himself for the real impression that he gives is that you are a worthy member of the "Lunatus Tribe." (Of course you don't understand what that means, and neither do I, as no one except our worthy faculty is expected to know these Persian adjectives).

This subject of "nothing" is such a large question to write about that learned scholars are still in the dark about its meaning, and most of them are on the mentally deficient list. But to continue with our noble enterprise. Although appearing to have altogether different meanings we have seen that they are really very closely related. But if "nothing" and "something" mean practically the same thing, what does the comprehensively used word "anything" mean? When we speak of "anything" we generally mean nothing special or everything taken altogether, yet according to Hoyle and Webster, "anything" is defined as an object or state. Therefore, according to some more deduction, "nothing" means a state or an object. So when a person asserts that you have nothing in your head you can prove that you have an object inside; it may be brains, or it may be water, but at least it is "something."

On using the dictionary profusely we find that "nothing" is "something," "something" is "anything," "anything" is an "object," an "object" is an "intention," an "intention" a "purpose," a "purpose" means to "determine" upon, and to "determine" is to state "definitely," BUT, to state "definitely" is to say "something" that has no bearing upon "anything" in particular. So again we come to the words "something" and "anything" which means "nothing." So where are we? Where we were before, or where we were at the end? It's beyond me and my scanty horizon of worldly knowledge, and I am not ashamed to say that I know "nothing" about the matter.

If you can get "anything" out of this you can do "nothing" better than I, and if you can't, the topic of "nothing" is "something" to think about.

D. T.



Night

The night is calm and the moon beams play
With the soft and billowy waves.
The ocean is hushed and the murmuring pines
Are still; and the wind behaves.
Yes, lulled to sleep
Is the great, great deep
And the lady of night
Throws her silvery light
O'er the scene.

A boat glides lazily on the waves,
Oh so silently, gently it passes.
And the wavelets lap on its shadowy sides,
And fondle it with caresses.
So gently it rolls,
As it passes the shoals,
And the ripples meet
The moonbeams, and greet
Them there.

A song steals through the hushed, still night
And lovingly lingers there.
It swells and dwells on each silent glade;
It echoes in each hidden lair.
Oh, it sinks and swells
On the hills and dells,
Till at last again
In hill and glen
All is still.

—Helvie Silver.



Beauty

“One witness, if credible, is sufficient evidence of any single facts, although undoubtedly the concurrence of two or more corroborates the proof.”—Blackstone.

“All other physicians, however, of sound judgment at all times, have admitted as a principle that pathology is to be founded on physiology, and that without understanding the functions in the state of health, it is impossible to judge of their derangements.”—J. G. Spurzheim, M. D.—Examination of the objection made in Great Britain against the Doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim.

The great question, it seems to me, is not—do we live? but—how do we live?

We do live, undoubtedly; at least our existence, in a physical sense, is generally admitted and accepted as fact. There the matter has been dropped; not so the question—how do we live? It has been exploited, confounded, and meditated upon in all ages. But all its consideration has led, so far as I can determine by the most speculative analysis, to no conclusion except, possibly, this—that we are in such a form and quality as is pleasing to ourselves. Even this conclusion has exceptions.

However, whether this Q. E. D. of the philosopher's is correct or not, it is evident that from infinite time, man, especially the female of the species, has sought to enhance or accentuate his, or more preferably, her, attractiveness in such a manner as to produce an effect calculated to be irresistible. In striving for this *toute ensemble*, many agencies have been employed. For instance, the members of certain African tribes acquire most marvelous and fantastic coiffeurs by the use of a mixture of animal fat and lamp black, and—I might go on and enumerate other cases of even greater significance. Let us turn, however, from such savage practices to what I consider and what in fact is, the very soul of beauty in its most modern interpretation.

For the following passage, the exemplification of that to which I allude, I am indebted, as indeed we all are, to no other than Ovid himself in his “Art of Beauty”:

“Now on, my muse, and tell ’em, when they rise,
When downy sleep forsakes their tender eyes,
How they may look as fair as morning skies.
Vetches, and beaten barley, let ’em take,
And with the whites of eggs a mixture make;
Then dry the precious paste with sun and wind—
And into powder very gently grind.
Gets harts-horn next (but let it be the first
That creature sheds) and beat it well to dust,
Six pounds in all, then mix and sift ’em well,
And think the while how fond Narcissus fell;
Six roots to you that pensive flower must yield
To mingle with the rest, well bruised and cleanly pill’d.
Two ounces next of gum, and thural seed,
That for the gracious gods does incense breed,
And let a double share of honey last succeed.
With this, whatever damsel paints her face,
Will need no flattering glass to show a grace.”

But now as I look this last bit over I wish I had not added the title until the end, for now I would use Ovid’s, not my own.

R. T. C.



“Sold”

Fifteen-year-old Johnny Simms was having a terrible time, for Marjorie was having a masked ball and Johnny wanted to go.

“Gosh, I wanta see it, anyhow,” he said in a muffled voice from the davenport on which he had thrown himself.

“Now, John—” began his mother.

“I just won’t have him there,” cried Marjorie.

“Aw shucks!” put in Johnny.

“Great Scott! let the boy go and have some amusement,” came disgustedly from his father.

“What good will it do me to learn to dance if I can’t ever go?” wailed Johnny.

“Yes, but if Johnny comes you know he’ll have Billy Henshaw there too,” Marjorie said angrily.

But Johnny was insistent and, as usual, got his own way. He saw Billy and they planned to go, in full dress, but to keep out of Marjorie’s sight.

“Whatcha gonner wear, Bill?” asked Johnny, as they were seated on an old trunk in the attic, discussing the affair.

“I dunno,” answered Billy. “I gotta think.”

On the eventful evening John stood at the edge of the circle of palms about the room, and waited. He wondered how Billy would be dressed. Then he saw HER. She was sitting a little apart from the others in a shadowy nook. But from the tip of her pink satin pumps to her blonde curls, Johnny knew her to be the one and only girl. She caught his eye and nodded to him, smilingly. He wondered what a more experienced young man would do under the circumstances, but, feeling secure in his disguise, he went forward.

“Good evening,” he said in a low tone.

She waved her fan slowly and looked him over.

"I like you as a domino," she said at last. "I think you look stunning, perfectly stunning!"

"Thank you!" Johnny's mouth was dry; he swallowed with difficulty. My but she was a peach! If he could only see under that mask!

Her face, as much as he could see, was rosy and as fair and exquisite as Marjorie's, whose, by the way, was a subject of much admiration. Her arms were bare, and Johnny noticed how strong and white they were. Certainly his blonde was a rare and beautiful creature.

John watched this girl as she played with the gold bangle on her wrist; he caught sight of the word "Peggy" engraved on it. Oh what a name was "Peggy!"

"Shall—shall we dance, Peggy?" he asked in a sort of awestruck tone.

"Oh, I'd love to," sighed the blonde in a whisper as she rose.

He extended his arms and felt thrilled at the touch of her cool hand.

"I—I think you—you're wonderful!" he stammered as he guided her along the vista of polished floor. "You're just like the dawn," he added.

"Oh, the dawn?" came the whispering voice. "My mother says this dress is of dawn pink, so maybe—"

"You're a dream," Johnny assured her solemnly, "a heavenly dream." She squeezed his hand encouragingly.

Johnny's heart, if it had been fastened before, was now floating wildly about. It was in his throat, now beating wildly against his ribs. He got out of step in the fox trot and stepped with some force upon the pink pumps.

"Ow——oh!" cried Peggy.

"I—I beg your pardon," cried John, blushing to the roots of his raven hair.

He made a false start again and lurched heavily against the girl, who turned her ankle.

"Oh—darn!" cried John. Then, as Peggy grabbed

her pink silkclad ankle with one hand and Johnny with the other, he realized what he must do; so he helped her off the floor to a distant corner of the veranda.

"I'm so sorry," he cried.

"Oh, it's all right," murmured the adored one's whispering voice. "I was a fool to wear these pumps."

"Why?" asked Johnny, merely because he could think of nothing else to say.

"I—I—er well, I never dress up like this you know," said Peggy. "I have been going to school at St. Kathryn's convent and we—you know—." She stopped.

"I'm so sorry," he said again.

"Oh don't bother," said the other, moving closer. "I --I think this is real romantic, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," agreed John fanning her wildly. Then going past even his fondest hopes, his arm went around her waist and her blonde head went down on his shoulder.

Johnny sighed in ecstasy. This was life! Billy never could carry off an occasion like this one. By the way, where was Billy? The girl had him in her vampy clutches; Billy was forgotten. He wondered vaguely if Peggy were a vamp.

"Are you a vamp?" he asked in a tense voice.

"Why—I-er-a—yes, I guess I am," she admitted.

"Gee, vamps are nice," he said, sighing blissfully.

"Aren't they?" she asked.

Dance after dance went by; still they sat in a heedless, blissful state. Suddenly Johnny awoke to the startling fact that it was nearly midnight and he was hungry.

"Would you like an ice?" he asked politely.

"I'd love it!" she whispered.

"What kind?"

"Oh, strawberry, pineapple and choc'late, mixed," she said languidly as she took a powder puff out of the

neck of her frock. Peggy was leisurely powdering her nose when he returned with the ices and cakes.

"Oh this is heavenly!" she cried, as she tasted an ice gingerly.

"Isn't it?" asked Johnny, as he balanced a plate on his knee.

"Oh, I'm so afraid my rouge is coming off," cried Peggy.

"Don't worry," John answered her. "Marjorie's never comes off. Her cheeks are always red."

"I mean off of my lips, you see," explained Peggy. "I'm sure if I kissed anyone it would."

"Oh try it!" exclaimed John. "The kiss I mean."

"Oh no! I really couldn't," said Peggy, shocked.

"Just one, Peggy, please," he pleaded.

She turned suddenly and full upon his lips she left a lingering kiss.

Johnny was silent for a moment; then in a rapturous voice he cried, "Peggy!"

It has never been quite clear to me how these vamps get their arms twined around one, but Peggy managed it.

Suddenly, upon the stillness of the night came the whistle—the signal to unmask.

John slowly lifted his mask and smiled at Peggy, anxious for a glimpse of her full face. Slowly Peggy raised the mask, and somehow her features seemed different. Then she lifted the blonde wig; there stood Billy Henshaw, laughing gleefully at John to his manifest horror.

"Ye Gods! Sold!" cried John.

MARION JOHNSON '23.

The Columbia

At the gateway of the West
Stands a bride in grandeur dressed,
And she pauses ere she bids us all adieu.

She is dowered with wealth untold,
Grace and beauty manifold,
And she's veiled in misty legend and romance.

She has traveled far afield
Thru the lands of golden yield,
And she wins the call of Life with mystic kiss.

When the thrush his vesper sings,
When the rose its censer swings,
Then the sunset lights the altar of desire.

Heaven and earth, and sea and sky
In their wondrous glory lie
When the sun comes forth in radiance expressed.

Then the altars of the clouds
Which the robe of dawn enshrouds,
Bless the meeting of the waters in the West.
Portia Mott.



High School Annex

In the future a place at the high school proper will be provided for the incoming freshmen. They will not be forced to enroll in the condemned Shively building, as they were this last semester, for this summer the much needed annex to the present building will be built. The need for this addition, which will include a large gymnasium with shower and locker rooms, domestic art, manual training and mechanical drawing departments, has long been felt.

This semester the overflow of entering students has been taken care of in the old Shively grammar school building, which was built in 1881 and several times condemned. Although this expedient worked a great hardship on both the students and teachers, they, understanding the situation, did not complain, but took matters as they stood. Nevertheless, it is not just to deny these pupils advantages given those more fortunate ones who drew seats in the high school building.

The building of the addition will put an end to this situation by allowing for the construction in the basement of the school of six additional class rooms. These class rooms will occupy space now taken up with the gymnasium, manual training, mechanical art, drawing and domestic departments, and will provide room for practically two hundred more students. Moreover the gymnasium in the annex will be of such a size and so equipped as to permit the taking up of the physical education of the pupils with a thoroughness that has heretofore been impossible.

No one can or does appreciate the decision of the school board to build the structure as much as the students themselves. It is certain that good use will be made of the building and that it will be a decided advantage to the students individually as well as to the school.



Now here are
three good looking
boys.



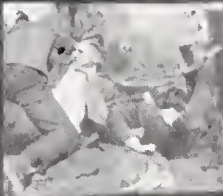
Can you
imagine this



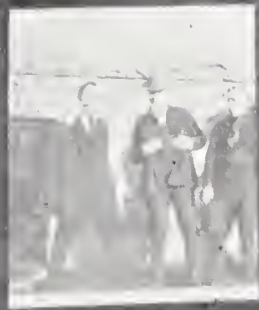
They tell us
this is
Wayne.



Easter on Saddle Mt.
Jackson says it's
Cold.



The boys
are
playful.



We call your
attention to these

On Publishing the Morning Astorian

"Ten Nights In a Barroom" had nothing on the students of the high school when they put out the Morning Astorian on March 23. From three o'clock in the afternoon, until two the following morning everything was rustle, bustle, recopy, and hustle. Proof reading; writing stories in pencil, in ink, on the typewriting machines, in English, in slang; local news, national news, district news, rank news, good news (such as twins), news of all sorts, kinds and shapes, and even new kinds of news, all came in their turn, which was at any time of the week, day or hour.

Believe me, it takes a schoolma'am to get things going in an orderly way. Up to ten o'clock in the night, everything had been in such a rush that the reporters and others who were doing copying, did not know whether they were working on a newspaper or an airship. Copy for the proofs had got lost, and everyone was on his hands and knees wildly searching for the missing articles—when along came Miss Baker, grabbed the naughty copy from the top of the Editor's desk, and very paternally asked what was the trouble.

After the members on the staff had handed in their material, and the linotype setters had set up the copy, and everything was in readiness, we all heaved a great sigh of relief. Just as we were thanking our stars that everything was done, someone remarked, "Of course you have the style show all written up!" Being one of the chief scowlers all I could do was to grin and say that Maurine and Berenice had promised to have the story in by twelve o'clock, but there had thus far been no word from them.

At last stories were assorted, and everything was set, except the ONE story. We waited, got up, sat down, and waited some more. And then, Wowie!—in straggled the two miscreants, talking about the pretty dresses they had seen at the Style Show. Feeling responsible for them, I nearly hugged them on the spot, but the linotype setters beat me to it.

An hour after, everything was silent as a boys' singing assembly. An hour after that hour, the press began its nightly waltz, and the day's play was over.

R. T.

Athletics



Football

The Astoria High School's 1920 football season was surrounded with as much dash and spirit as has ever been seen in Astoria. The players, the students, and the general public, all caught the spirit, and consequently the games were attended by hundreds. This is the kind of spirit that builds up the school and spells progress for our city. From a standpoint of spirit and finance the 1920 football season was the best in the history of our school.

The team was coached by Mr. Edmund Sweet, physical director of the schools, who ran the boys through their paces in a very creditable style. A very serious drawback to our team was the deplorable condition of the sand lots that our boys played on. Although the team was rather light it was "up and at 'em" all the time.

Richard Carruthers, the manager, had the games scheduled as follows:

Rainier at Astoria.

The score stood 12-0 in our favor at the end of the game. The satellites were Ekoos, Tennant, Luoto, Pouttu, and Wallace who hit the line for gains at almost every play.

St. Helens at Astoria.

Again we triumphed to the tune of 6-0. The A. H. S. front line was solid and the backfield was not unlike a speedway, the racers being Ekoos, Luoto and Pouttu.

Franklin at Astoria.

One goal kick! That is what prevented Astoria from tying one of the best inter-scholastic teams in Portland. Both sides fought hard and clean but we bowed to our first defeat by a small score of 7-6. Curtis Dyer's punting was better than the Portlanders' best efforts.

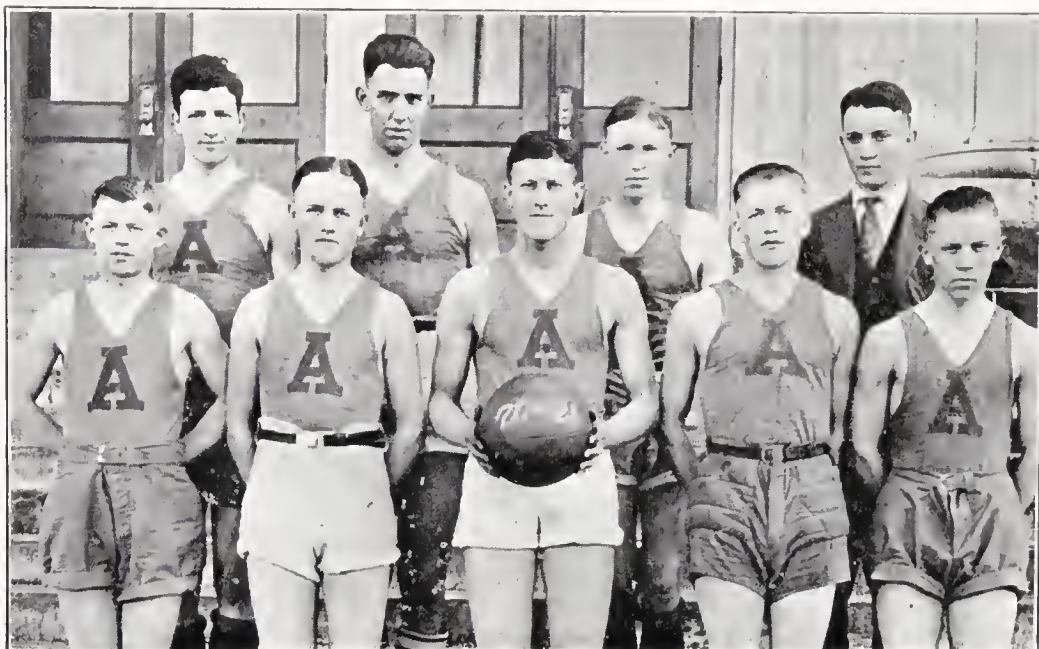
Vancouver at Astoria.

The first half our boys held the visitors down to a 6 to 0 score. In the last half "Hap" Miller's giants made use of their "beef" and forced our team to submit to a 26-0 score in favor of the Vancouverites.

Astoria at Chehalis.

At Chehalis our boys played their first game on a hard field and were unmercifully beaten by a score of 60 to 0. Despite the defeat the boys had a fine time on the trip, for the Chehalis people were good hosts.





Basketball

This year the team did splendid work, and the students of the school have every reason to be proud of their record. Although we did not win the league cup, it is a certainty that if some of the former lettermen had been playing on the team at the start of the season, the ending of the league would have been different. As it was the team took second place, which can be considered as excellent, for at the beginning of the season Coach Sweet had only green material to work with. However, after two weeks hard practice he had the team well rounded into shape for the first game, against Knappa.

Astoria vs. Knappa.

Both teams were rather nervous, as this was the first time that the local boys played against an outside five. The first part of the game was played in a slow fashion, but in the latter part of the contest Astoria began to get their teamwork, and took the game by a comfortable score.

Astoria vs. Ilwaco.

In the second game of the series Astoria journeyed to Ilwaco in a very hilarious mood, but came back with a very

long face. No need to say more, as the score was 23 to 5. Astoria lost.

Warrenton vs. Astoria.

In this game Wallace, Westergren and Diamond worked like fiends, and time after time kept their opponents from scoring. The contest was ours from the very first, and at no time were we in danger of losing. The final score was 14 to 9. As the game was played at Warrenton, our boys did not show up to the best advantage, for the floor was very slippery.

Astoria vs. Rainier.

This game was one of the very best played. The contest was played at Rainier, where the boys received their usual welcome. The score seesawed throughout the game, first one side and then the other gaining a one or two point advantage. In the last five minutes however, Wallace went on the rampage, and shot three baskets in succession, which brought the crowd to their feet, even shouts from the Rainier backers mingling with those who accompanied the team. The final score stood 19 to 12 in our favor.

Astoria vs. Seaside.

The much reputed Seaside team arrived at the gymnasium and immediately began to show the crowd that they were one of the best teams in the league. But after the first few minutes of play we showed that we could go them one better, and this we did, trouncing them by the score of 19 to 12. Both teams played clean, fast ball, and the seashore quintet went away much pleased with the treatment they received. For Astoria Wallace, Hurlbutt, and Luoto played a good game from every angle.

Astoria vs. Ilwaco.

In a return game Ilwaco again showed their superiority over the defenders of the Purple and Gold. Although the Washington boys won by a three point margin, it shook their confidence, for they had expected to be an easy victor. At the end of the first half the score stood 12 to 7 in favor of Ilwaco, but in the second part of the game, our loyal quintet came back with a rush, and at one

time tied the leaders, but fell down again. Westergren and Wallace worked like a pair of twin devils, but were unable to stop their aggressors. At the end of the contest the score was 14 to 11.

Astoria vs. Warrenton.

When Warrenton visited us on a return game, they freely admitted they expected to get beaten. They were good prophets, for the teamwork that our boys displayed that night was a beautiful thing to watch. Hurlbutt and Harrison got in this game, and that practically cinched it. Both members rolled in baskets continually. At the end of the first period the score stood 23 to 4 in our favor, and the second half was a repetition of the first, the score at the end of the contest being 37 to 12. In the second half Coach Sweet shoved in all the second string men.

Astoria vs. Knappa.

In the hardest fought game of the season Astoria defeated the Knappa five on their own floor by one point, the final score being 24 to 23. It was anybody's game till the last second of play, and it was then that Harrison shot the basket that brought us the victory. The contest was fast from the start to the finish, the playing clean on both sides, and it was simply a case of the better team winning. Harrison played stellar ball, being all over the floor, coaching, passing, dribbling and shooting. It was impossible to stop him, and with the help of the other members, a hard gained fight was won.

Astoria vs. Rainier.

In this game Westergren, our diminutive little forward, played a great game. There seemed to be a magnet that drew all of his shots right into the basket, for no matter how he shot, sideways, backward, or forward, they all rolled in. Rainier never had a show in the contest, as we outplayed them in every department of the game. The final score was 24 to 10. The feature of the game was that "Swede" received a kiss from one of his admirers. It was a boy who did the shameful act.

Astoria vs. Seaside.

If there was ever a fight that was full of thrills, it was

the second Seaside game, played on our opponent's floor. The old Purple and Gold spirit backed the team to the limit, and was ready to fight with the players to the end. Our five led at the end of the first half by a one point margin. In the second part of the game Seaside came back strong and made eight points while we garnered but two, giving the game to Seaside, by the score of 20 to 13.

Girls' Basketball



The girls' basketball team, although training hard, had very little practice. In a game scheduled with Seaside to be played on our floor, the A. H. S. team lost 14 to 3, but we were good losers. A return game was cancelled by Miss Smith. It was a short and not altogether satisfactory career.

The members of the team were: Beatrice Fish, captain, Katherine Juntti, Esther Carlson, Fanny Urell, Nellie Jennings, and Florence Hoagland.

Dramatics



SENIOR PLAY CAST

"Green Stockings"

Playing to a capacity house on April 29, the Senior class play made a walk-away with the honors of the school's entertainments. "Green Stockings" went off without a hitch, and far surpassed the ordinary high school production.

The story hinges around Celia Faraday, the eldest daughter of an aristocratic English family, who is still unwed, much to the pity—and disgust, of her father and sisters. In desperation she invents a fiance, and then has him killed in the war; but he does not end there—in fact really only begins, and the complications that arise when he appears to confront the young lady are side-splitting. Of course he eventually makes it unnecessary for Celia's family to pity her for lack of a husband.

Berenice Davies as the eldest daughter and the Cinderella of the family, was easily the star of the play, while Jefferson Nelson as the fictitious Colonel come to life, kept the audience in a state of uproar with his wit and the humorous story of the "Arab dhows riding at their

anchors in the sea." Richard Carruthers as the old father growled most effectively, and Wayne Anderson won many a laugh as the empty-headed young Englishman. Special mention must be made of Lucy Spittle as the aunt—her "tipsy act" was exceptionally well done.

The new scenery was used for the first time and made a splendid setting for the play.

The entire cast of the play was as follows:

Celia Faraday.....	Berenice Davies
Colonel Smith.....	Jefferson Nelson
Aunt Ida, Mrs. Chisholm Faraday.....	Lucy Spittle
Bobby, Mr. Tarver.....	Wayne Anderson
Mr. Faraday.....	Richard Carruthers
Madge, Mrs. Rockingham.....	Mary Johnson
Evelyn, Lady Trenchard.....	Elida Arvola
Martin, the butler.....	Max Hurlbutt
Phyllis Faraday.....	Ruth Slotte
Jimmie Raleigh.....	Isaac Pouttu
Admiral Grice.....	Donald Campbell
Henry Steele.....	Floyd Hulbert

Arthur Hildebrand as stage manager, and Harry Lyon as business manager, are in no small degree responsible for the success of the play; but to Mrs. Earl and to Miss Portia Baker as coaches, must go the greatest credit, for their untiring efforts and enthusiastic support throughout the weeks of practice made possible the finished production which was given.

The Kleptomaniac

The first play presented at the high school this year was "The Kleptomaniac," a one-act comedy which the Deba-Dram Society staged. It was given after school and was attended by a large and enthusiastic crowd.

The cast follows:

Peggy, Mrs. John Burton.....	Katherine Hanley
Mrs. Valerie Chase Ormsby.....	Augusta Hamilton
Mabel, Mrs. Charles Dover.....	Eleanor Eakin
Bertha, Mrs. Preston Ashley.....	Elizabeth Taylor
Miss Freda Dixon.....	Sedoris Jordan
Miss Evelyn Evans.....	Herthel Ports
Katie, Mrs. Burton's maid.....	Hilda Branstator

“Coats and Petticoats”

“Coats and Petticoats,” a one-act farcical comedy by Rachel Baker Gale, will be the last play to be presented at the high school this year, and will be given by the Deba-Dram Society coached by Miss Taylor.

The play has eight principal parts and two snappy choruses of girls. The characters are rehearsing for a play in which Josephine Denbigh is to be a man. She is dressed as such, when her Puritan aunts, who would be shocked at such immodesty on the part of a girl, arrive. The manner in which the girls try to evade the aunts by representing Josephine to be Madge’s husband, Larry, is the chief theme of the play, and gives rise to many screamingly funny situations. Josephine is finally found out, and forgiven after many entreaties.

The cast is as follows:

Lawrence Denbigh.....	Curtis Dyer
Madge, his wife.....	Sedoris Jordan
Josephine, his sister.....	Catherine Franciscovich
Miss Prudence Pringle, his aunt.....	Elizabeth Taylor
Miss Priscilla Pringle, his aunt.....	Esther Aase
Pauline Pemberton.....	Katherine Juntti
Rebecca Randolph.....	Grace Hendrickson
Nora	Lucy Spittle



DEBA-DRAM SOCIETY



Debate

Astoria High started off with a bang in her inter-scholastic forensic work this year when the call for the "varsity" debate team was sounded in October. The school responded enthusiastically, and more than twenty-five live students delved into encyclopedias, periodicals, journals, and magazines of every description, using pencils by the dozens, whole bottles of ink, and untold reams of paper, in a mad exploration into the mysteries and intricacies of the question, "Resolved: That the Philippine Islands should be granted their independence." The try-outs were held before a large audience a month later; Harry Smith and Ralph Wertheimer were chosen for the first team, and Esther Aase and Grace Hendrickson for the second team.

Our first debate was scheduled with Seaside, on the complicated and technical question assigned to the Lower Columbia River Debating District, "Resolved: That Section 28 of the Jones Merchant Marine Bill should be enforced," but Seaside forfeited the debate. The two boys met the girls of the second team in a practice debate, the former upholding the negative of the above question. No decision was given, but all four of the speakers acquitted themselves with credit, and with renewed confidence, the first team debaters prepared for their coming clash with our old rivals, the Knappa-Svensen High School, at Knappa.

Knappa, as exponents of the negative of the question, had defeated Clatskanie by forfeit, and kept the same side in their debate with Astoria, while our representatives had to read up, write, and learn the affirmative

side in two weeks. The result was a two to one decision in favor of Knappa.

The debaters greatly appreciated the unselfish, helpful, and necessary aid of their coaches, Miss Baker and Miss Schmidli, without whose assistance they could not have achieved the success they did.

Alumni

Melvin Anderson '20, is visiting in Sweden with his parents. He plans to return and enter the University of Oregon in the fall.

Chester Noonan '20, is working for the Commercial Grocery but will enter O. A. C. this fall.

Henrietta Hansen '20, has made an enviable record at the University of Oregon this year.

Imogene Meserve '20, is at O. A. C. and has been taking a prominent part in musical circles there.

Dorris Hoefler '20, attended U. of O. last semester but is now home. She is to be married in the near future to Fowler Barker.

Bernice Burgess '20, is at O. A. C.

Carl Josephson '20, is married and studying law at U. of O.

Brigitta Kankkonen '20, is attending the Bellingham Normal School.

Elizabeth Setters '20, and Clara Settem '19, are at the University of Washington.

Beatrice Barker '18, is enrolled at Washington State College at Pullman.

Gertrude Larsen '20, is teaching at Brownsmead, Ore.
Katie Tolonen '19 is teaching at Kerry, Ore.

May Day Festival

For several years Astoria has seen no May Day celebration, but this year, under the leadership of Miss Esther Smith, physical training instructor, and Miss Claire Hamack, music instructor, a splendid pageant is to be given. The exercises will be held in the natural amphitheater sometime during the last week in May.

Aside from the Spring dances of the children there will be a chorus of several hundred voices, and an orchestra of fifteen pieces, composed of business people of Astoria who have generously offered their services for the occasion.

The program for the festival will be given in the following order:

Grand Procession—led by May Queen and attendants.

Voices of Woods—Rubenstein.

Winding of three Maypoles.

Dance of the Sunbeams.

Sailor's Hornpipe.

Wand Drill—by sixty-four girls of fifth and sixth grades.

Autumn Kiddies.

Starlight Dance.

Setting up exercise—by sixty-four boys of seventh and eighth grades.

French Dolls.

Dance of the Summer Breezes.

Stunts by boys of fifth and sixth grades.

Dutch Lassies.

Voices of Spring.

Frolic of the Fireflies.

Oregon State song—J. A. Buchanan.

Jupiter Pluvius willing, the day will be one not soon to be forgotten by the six hundred participants and the many thousands who will enjoy it as spectators.

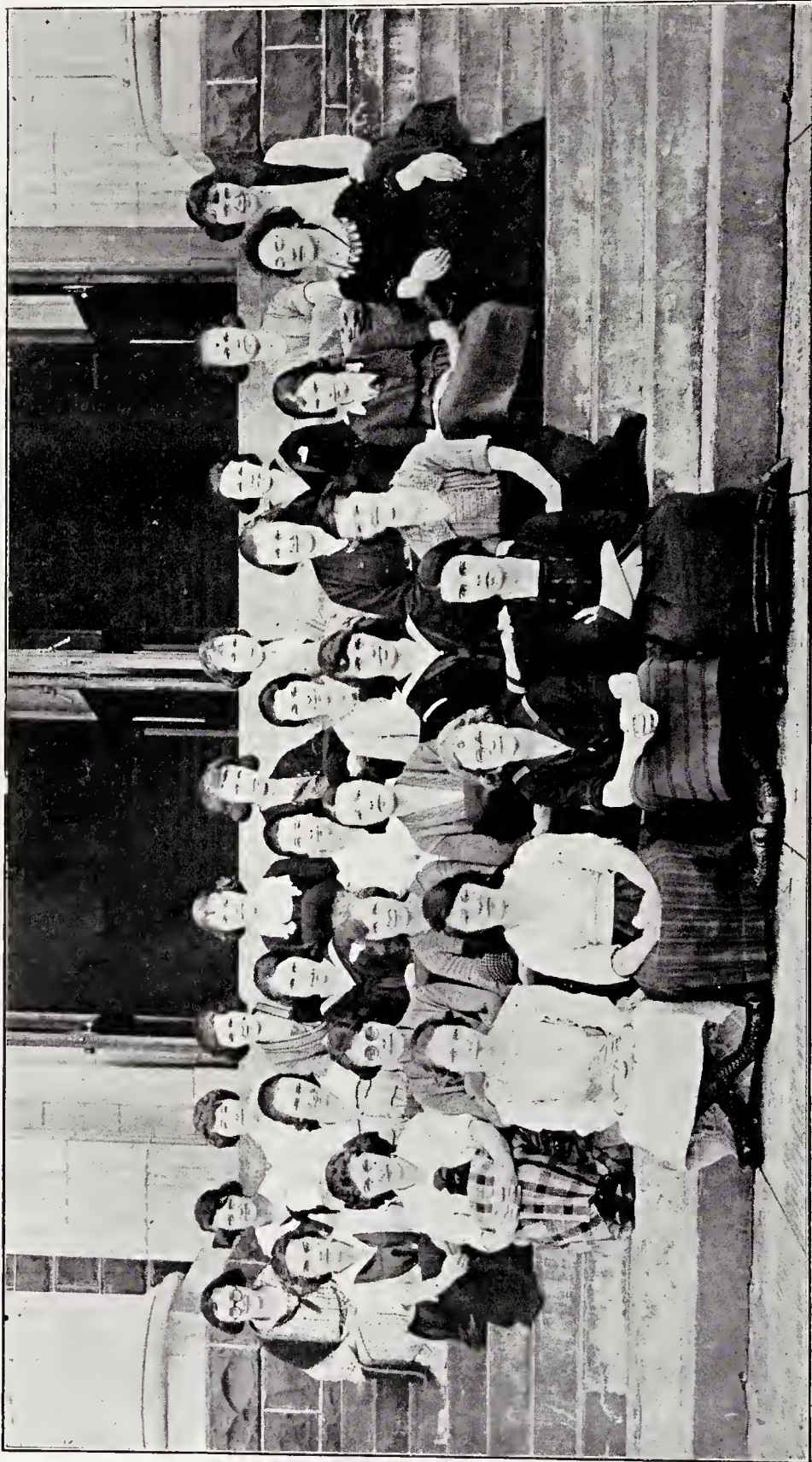
Senior Double Quartet



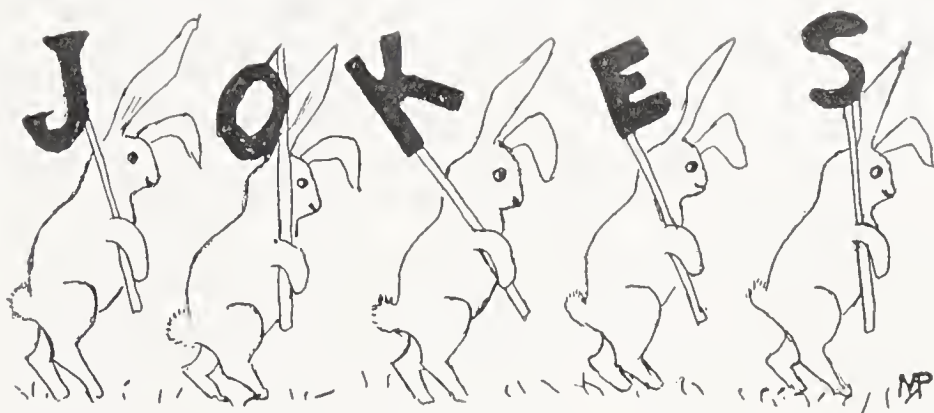
Donald Campbell Harry Ekoos Melvin Debban Harry Lyon
Stella Lahti Katherine Hanley Eleanor Eakin Augusta Hamilton

Among many other things, the worthy Seniors have produced a double quartet, which beyond a doubt will prove a huge success. They are being coached by Mrs. Strange, and are practicing regularly. They will give a few selections at commencement.





GLEE CLUB



IN 1935.

Jeff Nelson's gone to Europe
 in his aeroplane;
 Mel Lebban's down on Wall Street
 Cornering all the grain;
 Wayne Anderson's loaning money
 To the Rockefeller firm;
 Harry Lyon has launched his navy
 To make the English squirm;
 Lick Carruthers went with him
 And both remarked to me,
 They'd all be back this winter
 As soon as Ireland's free.

—Gladys M. Bell—'21.

Pa Kemp—"When rain falls, does it ever rise again?"

Student—"Yes, sir."

Pa Kemp—"When?"

Student—"Why in dew time."

Pa Kemp—"That will do, sir."

A sailor had been showing an old lady over a large liner, and after thanking him, she suddenly remarked, "I see that, according to the ship's orders, tips are forbidden." The sailor turned to the visitor and with a knowing look replied, "Why, bless yer, Ma'am, so were apples in the Garden of Eden."—Exch.

Now is the time you hear men who never had a drink sighing for the "good old days."

I say, dear ladies, skip this paragraph as it is unfit for publication. But I'll ask the editor to destroy it or set it upside down.

If there is anything worries a woman
 It's something she ought not to know.
 But you bet she'd find it out somehow
 If she got the least kind of a show.
 Now we'll wager ten cents to a farthing
 This poem she's already read—
 We knew she'd get at it somehow,
 If she had to stand on her head.

Watkins—"In what battle was Maximilian killed?"
 Johnny—I'm not sure, but I think it was his last one."

Grammar.

A girl with bangs—"Yes, Mary, I bang my hair, and keep banging it but it won't stay bung."

Ada—"What's all the commotion in room fourteen the third period every day?"

Frances (puzzled)—"What does it sound like?"

Ada—"Well, it isn't like ripping glass, but—"

Frances—"Oh, that must be Wilfred Bates getting his feet into the aisle to recite."

Jeff Nelson wore a little tie
 With colors bright and gay,
 When he sprinted down the hall
 The girls were in his way.
 Cried he, "Why do you hinder me?
 A woman hater, I."
 "Excuse us please," the girls replied,
 "We're blinded by your tie."

Ye Morale.

The Frosh who boasts about hys deedes
 Before he meetes hys foe,
 Is lyke the Soph who shaves hys face
 Before hys whyskers grow.

R. B. (Giving a book report in front of the room).
May I lean against the window in giving my report?

Miss W. Well—yes—why—no. You know it hurts
our eyes awfully to look at you.

Comment found in a Freshie's book: H. Zeigler is a
dangerous insect found in the northwestern part of Ore-
gon, usually at the Dreamland rink.

A boy, Freshie, was to give an original poem one day
in English. This is the way it read:

A cautious look around he stole,
His bags of chink he chunk;
And many a wicked smile he stole
And many a wink he wunk.

As Freshmen we defy you; then most hated Sophs,
you mighty Juniors, and would-be-dignified Seniors, lend
me your ears.

As Freshmen we fear, honor and obey you. As
Sophs we will take our revenge. As Juniors we may re-
pent. As Seniors we can lord over all, envied by Sophs
and honored by Juniors. We make the future A. H. S.
Give us your support. I thank you.

I am a Freshman bold and brave,
My language is the best,
I let no Senior ruff me up,
Nor kick me in the chest.
The Juniors may be fresh, they say,
But to me they are the goofs.
They yell and holler thru the halls,
Enough to raise the roofs.
Alas! I'm dignified at least,
(The Sophs they say "at most")
I don't take any talk from them,
They are as tough as toast.
The girls all say that I am cute,
I really think so too.
But this is confidential, see?
Between just you and me.

Timmy Bunkercrop sez:

Spring is when the seezon changes frum winter to sumer. In Astoria sumer cums wonce a yeer for neerly won week, and there is no spring or ortum or winter. There is just sumer and the webfoot seezon. You kin always tell wen sumer cums becuz the janess want sumer furz.

Taking orl and orl in orl, no matter how fast the rain falls in Astoria you can't kech samon with a ankor. This goz to show that it aint the fall that hurts, it's the quik stop at the bottom. If it wusunt for the rainy season, umbrellaz woodn't hav been invented, and this wood hav been terribul becuz the men who sell umbrellaz now wood undoubtedly have starved.

Sum guys say I ain't good at riting. Sum of the famus men of the United States, including Clatsup County, wuz poor riters. If this is true I ought to be a grate man wen I grow up. These grate men inclood Washington, Lincoln, Billy Sundae, Ex-Mayor Harley, the Shadow, Ty Cobb, and myself.

I wuz to a meeting the other nite. The chairman of the gas company wuz making a adress. Wen he got to the best part of his speech he sez, "Think of the good the gas company has done. If I wuz permitted a pun, I wood say, in the wurdz of the imortul poet, 'Honor the Lite Brigade.'"

Then a fool from the audyence yells, "Oh, what a charge they made."

I talked with Spud Broom frum Skapoose the uther day and he sez the differense between ammonia and newmonia is that won comes in bottles and the other in chests. He axed me why I didn't rite to my gurl any more and I told him I rote her six swell letters and she didn't answer—so I broke off the correspondense.

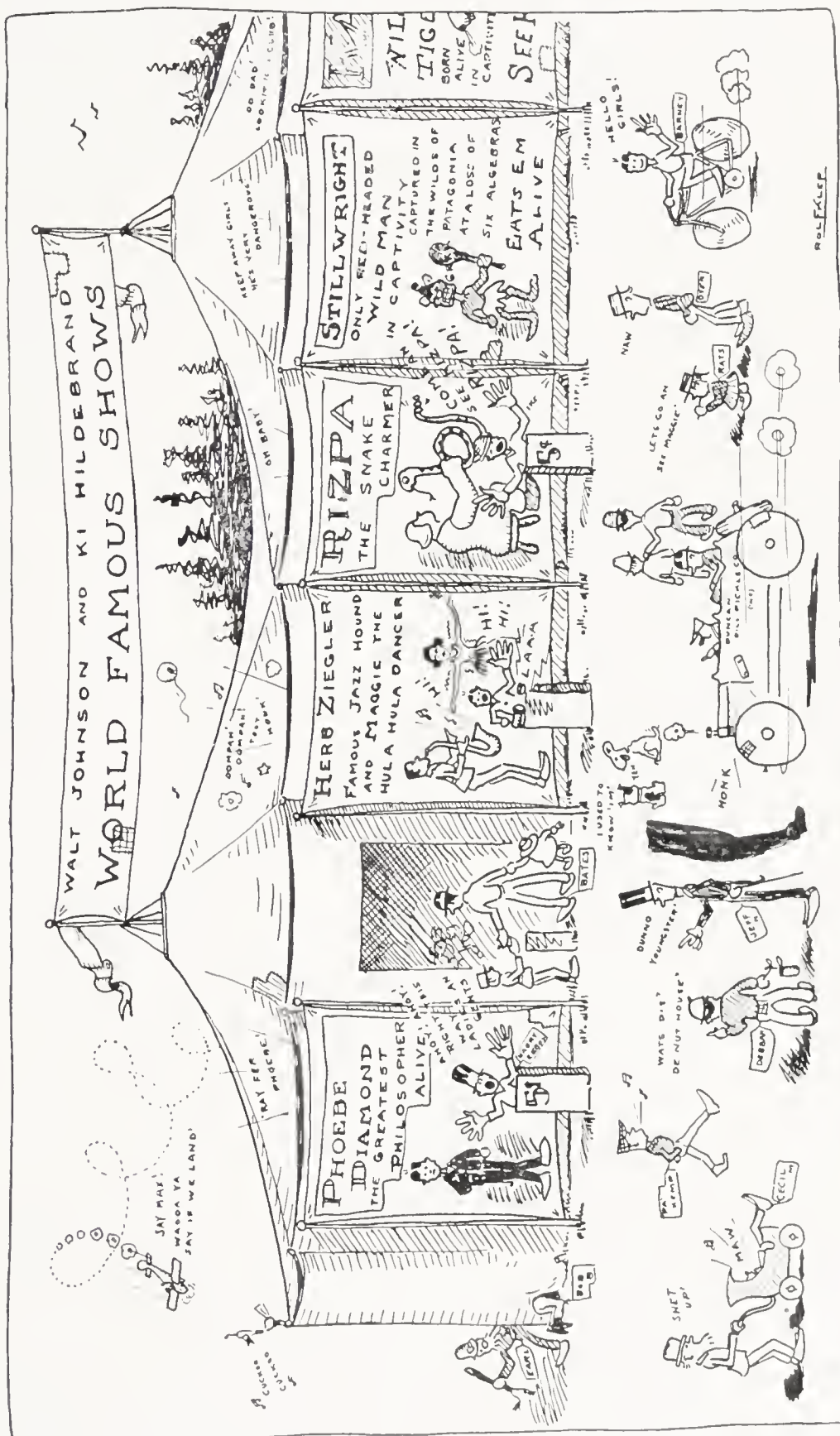
I axed him why they lynched that feller over on Sandy Mush and he sez it wuz on account of his nishuls. "His what?" sez I. "His nishuls," sez he. "They hapend to be I. W. W."

Spud bot a dorg the other day frum Hunky Spirits. I axed him if it was a pointer.

He sed it wuz a disapointer.

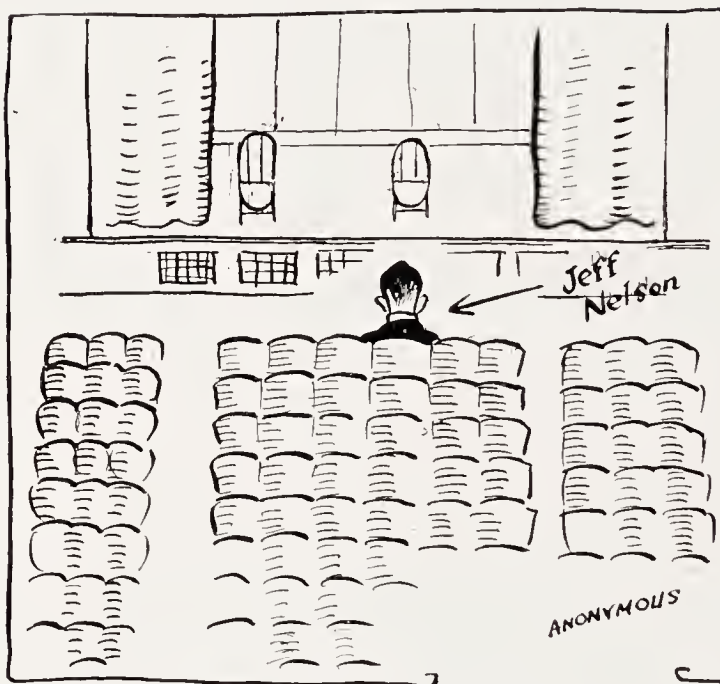
Then I quits.

ROLF KLEP.



Freshmen are referred to Miss Frederickson's classes, as she uses "painless extraction" in asking questions.

We of the staff may dig and toil
Till our finger tips are sore;
But some "poor fish" is sure to say
"I've heard that joke before."



Why Everyone Came to Hear John Frederick Mason



Contributors

Bee Hive
 Wilson Studio
 H. R. Hoeffler
 Astoria Evening Budget
 Astoria National Bank
 First National Bank
 Chas. V. Brown
 Cordz Bros.
 Skallerud's
 J. C. Penney Co.
 Sanitary Cleaners
 Chris Schmidt
 E. B. Hughes
 Style Shop
 Fitzinger's Bookstore
 Owen & Peeke, Grocers
 Rice & McCoy
 Pacific Power and Light
 Co.
 Geo. W. Sanborn & Sons
 Hammond Lumber Co.
 Shaner & Co.
 Astoria Furniture Co.
 Whitehouse Cloak and
 Suit House
 Weinhard Hotel
 Frank Woodfield
 Astoria Hardware Co.
 J. L. Hope
 M. Franciscovich
 S. A. Gimre
 H. Burke
 Fisher Bros.
 Economy Cash Store
 Luukinen and Harrison
 Mathison and Mannix
 McLin Hardware Co.
 Oregon Cafe
 Dr. David M. Olson
 Purity Dairy Co.
 Wm. Anderson Co.
 Red Cross Drug Store
 Sunflower Dairy Co.
 Thiel's
 Van Dusen & Co.
 Astoria Abstract Co.
 Astoria Bakery
 Acme Grocery Co.
 Astoria Fuel and Supply
 Co.
 J. M. Axford
 A. E. Bennett
 Astoria Grocery Co.
 F. S. Bates
 Bohemian Grill
 Geo. Lindstrom
 E. Hanke Co.
 Central Grocery
 Eagle Drug Co.
 Economy Market
 Farr Drug Co.
 Gordon's Store
 Hildebrand and Co.
 Handley's

Imperial Market
 Dr. F. C. Johnson
 F. J. Donnerberg
 W. C. Laws Co.
 Badollet & Co.
 Liberty Cafe
 McCartney Electric Co.
 E. P. Noonan Co.
 E. E. Lacy
 Columbia Restaurant
 G. C. Fulton
 Dr. W. R. Swart
 Women's Shop
 People's Clothing Store
 Astoria Tourist Garage
 Dr. A. G. Allen
 Astoria Drug Co.
 M. M. Ahrens & Co.
 C. B. Allen
 J. Anderson
 Astoria Painting Co.
 Astoria Electric Co.
 Dr. L. R. Andrews
 Bank of Commerce
 J. J. Barrett
 F. A. Bancots
 Dr. R. F. Bell
 Columbia Iron Works
 Dr. J. W. Caffyn
 Dr. F. E. Casey
 N. Clement
 20th Century Grocery
 C. T. Diamond
 Dixie Baking Co.
 G. A. Erickson
 G. G. Edelman
 H. Ekstrom
 Dr. J. A. Fulton
 Finnish Meat Market
 Fashion Millinery
 Gallant Auto Co.
 Gilpin Construction Co.
 B. L. Gimmery
 Gribler Music House
 Hellberg Drug Store
 A. Hilli
 T. P. Haller
 E. G. Hauseman
 Dr. R. H. Hoskins
 Honston & Potter
 Oscar Huttunen
 Walter Kallunki
 Lngnet Dry Goods Store
 N. J. Lund
 S. H. Lovell
 S. Lonberg
 Mutual Creamery
 Makinen & Manner
 J. W. Mott
 Dr. L. H. Mott
 R. W. McLean
 McCann Tire Sales Co.
 Dr. E. N. Nenlen
 C. A. Nyquist

Oregon Baking Co.
 Ostrom & Johnson
 Owl Drug Co.
 Palace Restaurant
 Alfred Piuusti
 M. Putorile
 J. G. Prael
 Dr. J. J. Pittenger
 Dr. R. J. Pilkington
 Dr. J. Parpala
 Pentilla and Greenlund
 Betty Roberts
 S. O. Rice
 Riverview Cafe
 Rubenstein & Hurwitz
 W. A. Sherman
 F. Seaborg
 Sala & Hakala
 Joel Sandvik
 H. G. Smith
 Dr. E. W. Shockley
 Walter Smith Garage
 Mark Siddall
 O. B. Setters
 Dr. M. H. Smith
 S. M. Smithers
 Sherman Transfer Co.
 Troy Laundry Co.
 Dr. A. Z. Tharp
 Unique Cleaners
 Union Fisherman's Co.
 Westersund & Gustafson
 Dr. E. B. Waffle
 S. A. Wold
 Dr. D. A. Walker
 T. O. Withers
 F. W. Woolworth
 E. W. Downing
 Home Baking Co.
 29th Street Garage
 Johansen Bros.
 Uppertown Grocery &
 Fruit Co.
 Fred Larson
 A. E. Cook
 E. Bendstrup
 Mrs. V. Luthé
 G. A. Ketrenos
 Harris Sauso
 C. Hustwick
 A. A. Anderson
 H. Brannon
 Finnish Socialistic Club
 M. J. Greenberg
 S. Hakola
 Rhoda Hicks
 O. Jansa
 Nels Jager
 H. M. McAllister
 Saari's Studio
 Welcome Store
 Roy Wimber
 Victor Bloech
 Highway Tire Service Co.
 John Wirkkala

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Vice-President of Student Body.....	Richard Carruthers
Secretary of Student Body.....	Maurine Buchanan
Treasurer of Student Body.....	Wayne Anderson
President of Senior Class.....	Richard Carruthers
Treasurer of Senior Class.....	Harry Lyon
Secretary of Senior Class.....	Mary Johnson
President of Junior Class.....	Curtis Dyer
Secretary of Junior Class.....	Maurine Buchanan
Treasurer of Junior Class.....	Sedoris Jordan
Editor of Zephyrus.....	Curtis Dyer
Business Managers of Zephyrus.....	Don Campbell
.....	Wayne Anderson
Associate Editors of Zephyrus.....	Maurine Buchanan
.....	Harry Lyon
Captain of Football Team.....	Richard Tennant
Manager of Football Team.....	Richard Carruthers
Captain of Boys' Basketball Team.....	Byron Wallace
Manager of Boys' Basketball Team.....	Richard Carruthers
Captain of Girls' Basketball Team.....	Beatrice Fish
Yell Leader.....	Ralph Wertheimer
Captain of Baseball Team.....	Fred Harrison



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Autographs

